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REVIEWS

Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with Notices of his Life. By Thomas Moore. 2 vols. 4to. Vol. II. London, 1831. Murray.

We have been, for weeks past, keeping a small band of critics, in a complete suit of pen and paper, like Deloraine's knights in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," to be in readiness for the inrush of this great power, and now, when at the last moment it bursts upon us, our little armed body worn out with watching and the long severities of preparation, are not very competent to despatch their assailant. "Carving with gloves of steel," is not likely to make alert hands, and the short time allowed us for the present struggle, must be our excuse for not fighting it out, but for doing what we do, with benumbed vigour. We shall therefore proceed to put our readers in possession of some of the interesting contents of this anxiously-expected work: and as it is not yet published, and probably will not be before we again appear, they may be better content with one line of extract, than twenty of commentary.

The work commences with the following powerful review of Lord Byron's mind and fortune at the time he left England:

"The circumstances under which Lord Byron now took leave of England were such as, in the case of any ordinary person, could not be considered otherwise than disastrous and humiliating. He had, in the course of one short year, gone through every variety of domestic misery;—had seen his hearth ten times profaned by the visitations of the law, and been only saved from a prison by the privileges of his rank. He had alienated (if, indeed, they had ever been his) the affections of his wife; and now, rejected by her, and condemned by the world, was betaking himself to an exile which had not even the dignity of appearing voluntary, as the excommunicating voice of society seemed to leave him no other resource. Had he been of that class of unfeeling and self-satisfied natures from whose hard surface the reproaches of others fall pointless, he might have found in insensibility a sure refuge against reproof; but, on the contrary, the same sensitiveness that kept him so awake to the applauses of mankind rendered him, in a still more intense degree, alive to their censure. Even the strange, perverse pleasures which he felt in painting himself unamiable to the world did not prevent him from being both startled and pained when the world took him at his word; and, like a child in a mask before a looking-glass, the dark semblance which he had half-in-spout, put on, when reflected back upon him from the mirror of public opinion, shocked even himself.

"Thus surrounded by vexations, and thus deeply feeling them, it is not too much to say, that my other spirit but his own would have sunk under the struggle, and lost, perhaps, irrecoverably, that level of self-esteem which alone affords a stand against the shocks of fortune. But in him,—furnished as his mind was with

reserves of strength, waiting to be called out,—the very intensity of the pressure brought relief by the proportionate reaction which it produced. Had his transgressions and frailties been visited with no more than their due portion of punishment, there can be little doubt that a very different result would have ensued. Not only would such an excitement have been insufficient to waken up the new energies still dormant in him, but that consciousness of his own errors, which was for ever lively present in his mind, would, under such circumstances, have been left undisturbed by any unjust provocation, to work its usual softening and, perhaps, humbling influences on his spirit. But,—luckily, as it proved, for the further triumphs of his genius,—no such moderation was exercised. The storm of invective raised around him, so utterly out of proportion with his offences, and the base calumnies that were every where heaped upon his name, left to his wounded pride no other resource than in the same summoning up of strength, the same instinct of resistance to injustice, which had first forced out the energies of his youthful genius, and was now destined to give him a still bolder and loftier range of its powers. * * *

"But the greatest of his trials, as well as triumphs, was yet to come. The last stage of this painful, though glorious, course, in which fresh power was, at every step, wrung from out his soul, was that at which we are now arrived, his marriage, and its results,—without which, dear as was the price paid by him in peace and character, his career would have been incomplete, and the world still left in ignorance of the full compass of his genius. It is indeed worthy of remark, that it was not till his domestic circumstances began to darken around him that his fancy, which had long been idle, again rose upon the wing,—both the Siege of Corinth and Parisina having been produced but a short time before the separation. How conscious he was, too, that the turmoil which followed was the true element of his restless spirit may be collected from several passages of his letters at that period, in one of which he even mentions that his health had become all the better for the conflict:—'It is odd,' he says, 'but agitation or contest of any kind gives a rebound to my spirits, and sets me up for the time.'

"This buoyancy it was,—this irrepressible spring of mind,—that now enabled him to bear up not only against the assaults of others, but what was still more difficult, against his own thoughts and feelings. The muster of all his mental resources to which, in self-defence, he had been driven, but opened to him the yet undreamed extent and capacity of his powers, and inspired him with a proud confidence, that he should yet shine down these calumnious mists, convert censure to wonder, and compel even those who could not approve to admire.

"The route which he now took, through Flanders and by the Rhine, is best traced in his own matchless verses, which leave a portion of their glory on all that they touch, and lend to scenes, already clothed with immortality by nature and by history, the no less durable associations of undying song." p. 3—4.

We now proceed to extract some interesting letters written from Geneva.

TO MR. MURRAY.

Diodati, near Geneva, July 22d, 1816.

"I wrote to you a few weeks ago, and Dr. Polidori received your letter; but the packet has not made its appearance, nor the epistle, of which you gave notice therein. I enclose you an advertisement,† which was copied by Dr. Polidori, and which appears to be about the most impudent imposition that ever issued from Grub Street. I need hardly say that I know nothing of all this trash, nor whence it may spring.—'Odes to St. Helena,'—'Farewells to England,' &c. &c.—and if it can be disavowed, or is worth disavowing, you have full authority to do so. I never wrote, nor conceived, a line on anything of the kind, any more than of two other things with which I was saddled—something about 'Gaul,' and another about 'Mrs. La Valette,' and as to the 'Lily of France,' I should as soon think of celebrating a turnip. 'On the morning of my daughter's birth,' I had other things to think of than verses; and should never have dreamed of such an invention, till Mr. Johnston and his pamphlet's advertisement broke in upon me with a new light on the crafts and subtleties of the demon of printing—or rather publishing.

"I did hope that some succeeding lie would have superseded the thousand and one which were accumulated during last winter. I can forgive whatever may be said of or against me, but not what they make me say or sing for myself. It is enough to answer for what I have written; but it were too much for Job himself to bear what one has not. I suspect that when the Arab Patriarch wished that his 'enemy had written a book,' he did not anticipate his own name on the title-page. I feel quite as much bored with this foolery as it deserves, and more than I should be if I had not a headache.

"Of Glenarvon, Madame de Staël told me (ten days ago, at Copet) marvellous and grievous things; but I have seen nothing of it but the motto, which promises amiably 'for us and for our tragedy.' If such be the posy, what should the ring be?—'a name to all succeeding,' &c. The generous moment selected for the publication is probably its kindest accompaniment, and—truth to say—the time was well chosen. I have not even a guess at the contents, except from the very vague accounts I... heard. * * *

"I ought to be ashamed of the egotism of this letter. It is not my fault altogether, and I shall be but too happy to drop the subject when others will allow me.

"I am in tolerable plight; and in my last letter told you what I had done in the way of all rhyme. I trust that you prosper, and that

† The following was the advertisement enclosed:

"Nestly printed and hot-pressed, 2s. 6d.
"Lord Byron's Farewell to England, with Three other Poems—Ode to St. Helena, to My Daughter on her Birthday, and To the Lily of France."

"Printed by J. Johnston, Cheapside, 335; Oxford, 0.

"The above beautiful Poems will be read with the most lively interest, as it is probable they will be the last of the author's that will appear in England."

† The motto is—

"He left a name to all succeeding times,
Link'd with one virtue and a thousand crimes."

your authors are in good condition. I should suppose your stud has received some increase by what I hear. Bertram must be a good horse; does he run next meeting? I hope you will beat the Row.

"Yours always, &c."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Diodati, Sept. 29th, 1816.

"I am very much flattered by Mr. Gifford's good opinion of the MSS., and shall be still more so, if it answers your expectations and justifies his kindness. I liked it myself, but that must go for nothing. The feelings with which most of it was written need not be envied me. With regard to the price, I fixed none, but left it to Mr. Kinnaird, Mr. Shelley, and yourself, to arrange. Of course, they would do their best; and as to yourself, I knew you would make no difficulties. But I agree with Mr. Kinnaird perfectly, that the concluding *five hundred* should be only *conditional*; and for my own sake, I wish it to be added, only in case of your selling a certain number, *that number* to be fixed by *yourself*. I hope this is fair. In everything of this kind there must be risk; and till that be past, in one way or the other, I would not willingly add to it, particularly in times like the present. And pray always recollect that nothing could mortify me more—no failure on my own part—than having made you lose by any purchase from me.

"The Monody† was written by request of Mr. Kinnaird for the theatre. I did as well as I could; but where I have not my choice, I pretend to answer for nothing. Mr. Hobhouse and myself are just returned from a journey of lakes and mountains. We have been to the Grindelwald, and the Jungfrau, and stood on the summit of the Wengen Alp; and seen torrents of nine hundred feet in fall, and glaciers of all dimensions; we have heard shepherds' pipes, and avalanches, and looked on the clouds foaming up from the valleys below us, like the spray of the ocean of hell. Chamouni, and that which it inherits, we saw a month ago; but, though Mont Blanc is higher, it is not equal in wildness to the Jungfrau, the Eighers, the Shreckhorn, and the Rose Glaciers.

"We set off for Italy next week. The road is within this month infested with bandits, but we must take our chance and such precautions as are requisite.

"Ever, &c.

"P.S. My best remembrances to Mr. Gifford. Pray say all that can be said from me to him.

"I am sorry that Mr. Maturin did not like Phillips' picture. I thought it was reckoned a good one. If he had made the speech on the original, perhaps he would have been more readily forgiven by the proprietor and the painter of the portrait." *

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Diodati, Sept. 30th, 1816.

"I answered your obliging letters yesterday: to-day the Monody arrived with its title-page, which is, I presume, a separate publication. 'The request of a friend':—

"Obliged by hunger and request of friends."

I will request you to expunge that same, unless you please to add, 'by a person of quality,' or 'of wit and honour about town.' Merely say, 'written to be spoken at Drury-lane.' To-morrow I dine at Copet. Saturday I strike tents for Italy. This evening, on the lake in my boat with Mr. Hobhouse, the pole which sustains the mainsail slipped in tacking, and struck me so violently on one of my legs (*the worst*, luckily) as to make me do a foolish thing, viz. to faint—a downright swoon; the thing must have jarred some nerve or other, for the bone is not injured, and hardly painful (it is six hours since), and

† A Monody on the death of Sheridan, which was spoken at Drury-lane theatre.

cost Mr. Hobhouse some apprehension and much sprinkling of water to recover me. The sensation was a very odd one: I never had but two such before, once from a cut on the head by a stone, several years ago, and once (long ago also) in falling into a great wreath of snow;—a sort of gray giddiness first, then nothingness, and a total loss of memory on beginning to recover. The last part is not disagreeable, if one did not find it again.

"You want the original MSS. Mr. Davies has the first fair copy in my own hand, and I have the rough composition here, and will send or save it for you, since you wish it.

"With regard to your new literary project, if anything falls in the way which will, to the best of my judgment, suit you, I will send you what I can. At present I must lay by a little, having pretty well exhausted myself in what I have sent you. Italy or Dalmatia and another summer may, or may not, set me off again. I have no plans, and am nearly as indifferent what may come as where I go. I shall take Felicia Hemans' Restoration, &c. with me; it is a good poem—very.

"Pray repeat my best thanks and remembrances to Mr. Gifford for all his trouble and good-nature towards me.

"Do not fancy me laid up, from the beginning of this scrawl. I tell you the accident for want of better to say; but it is over, and I am only wondering what the deuce was the matter with me.

"I have lately been over all the Bernese Alps and their lakes. I think many of the scenes (some of which were not those usually frequented by the English) finer than Chamouni, which I visited some time before. I have been to Clarens again, and crossed the mountains behind it: of this tour I kept a short journal for my sister, which I sent yesterday in three letters. It is not all for perusal; but if you like to hear about the romantic part, she will, I dare say, show you what touches upon the rocks, &c.

"Christabel—I won't have any one sneer at Christabel: it is a fine wild poem.

* * * *

"Madame de Staël wishes to see the Anti-quary, and I am going to take it to her tomorrow. She has made Copet as agreeable as society and talent can make any place on earth.

"Yours ever,

"N."

From the Journal mentioned in the above letter, we extract the following:—

September 19th.

"Rose at five. Crossed the mountains to Montbovon on horseback, and on mules, and, by dint of scrambling, on foot also; the whole route beautiful as a dream, and now to me almost as indistinct. I am so tired;—for, though healthy, I have not the strength I possessed but a few years ago. At Montbovon we breakfasted; afterwards, on a steep ascent, dismounted; tumbled down; cut a finger open; the baggage also got loose and fell down a ravine, till stopped by a large tree; recovered baggage; horse tired and drooping; mounted mule. At the approach of the summit of Dent Jument† dismounted again with Hobhouse and all the party. Arrived at a lake in the very bosom of the mountains; left our quadrupeds with a shepherd, and ascended farther; came to some snow in patches, upon which my forehead's perspiration fell like rain, making the same dints as in a sieve; the chill of the wind and the snow turned me giddy, but I scrambled on and upwards. Hobhouse went to the highest pinnacle; I did not, but paused within a few yards (at an opening of the cliff). In coming down, the guide tumbled three times; I fell a laughing, and tumbled too—the descent luckily soft, though steep and

slippery: Hobhouse also fell, but nobody hurt. The whole of the mountains superb. A shepherd on a very steep and high cliff playing upon his pipe; very different from *Arcadia*, where I saw the pastors with a long musket instead of a crook, and pistols in their girdles. Our Swiss shepherd's pipe was sweet, and his tune agreeable. I saw a cow strayed; am told that they often break their necks on and over the crags. Descended to Montbovon; pretty scraggy village, with a wild river and a wooden bridge. Hobhouse went to fish—caught one. Our carriage not come; our horses, mules, &c. knocked up; ourselves fatigued.

"The view from the highest points of to-day's journey comprised on one side the greatest part of Lake Leman; on the other, the valleys and mountain of the Canton of Fribourg, and an immense plain, with the lakes of Neuchâtel and Morat, and all which the borders of the Lake of Geneva inherit; we had both sides of the Jura before us in one point of view, with Alps in plenty. In passing a ravine, the guide recommended strenuously a quickening of pace, as the stones fall with great rapidity and occasional damage; the advice is excellent, but, like most good advice, impracticable, the road being so rough that neither mules, nor mankind, nor horses, can make any violent progress. Passed without fractures or menace thereof.

"The music of the cows' bells (for their wealth, like the patriarchs', is cattle,) in the pastures, which reach to a height far above any mountains in Britain, and the shepherds shouting to us from crag to crag, and playing on their reeds where the steeps appeared almost inaccessible, with the surrounding scenery, realized all that I have ever heard or imagined of a pastoral existence:—much more so than Greece or Asia Minor, for there we are a little too much of the sabre and musket order—and if there is a crook in one hand, you are sure to see a gun in the other;—but this was pure and unmixed—solitary, savage, and patriarchal. As we went, they played the 'Rans des Vaches' and other airs, by way of farewell. I have lately repeopled my mind with nature.

September 20th.

"Up at six; off at eight. The whole of this day's journey at an average of between from 2700 to 3000 feet above the level of the sea. This valley, the longest, narrowest, and considered the finest of the Alps, little traversed by travellers. Saw the bridge of La Roche. The bed of the river very low and deep, between immense rocks, and rapid as anger;—a man and mule said to have tumbled over without damage. The people looked free, and happy, and rich (which last implies neither of the former); the cows superb; a bull nearly leapt into the char-à-bancs—"agreeable companion in a post-chaise"; goats and sheep very thriving. A mountain with enormous glaciers to the right—the Klitzberg; further on, the Hockthorn—nice names—so soft!—Stockhorn, I believe, very lofty and scraggy, patched with snow only; no glaciers on it, but some good epaulettes of clouds.

"Passed the boundaries, out of Vaud and into Berne canton; French exchanged for bad German; the district famous for cheese, liberty, property, and no taxes. Hobhouse went to fish—caught none. Strolled to the river—saw boy and kid—kid followed him like a dog—kid could not get over a fence, and bleated piteously—tried myself to help kid, but nearly overset both self and kid into the river. Arrived here about six in the evening. Nine o'clock—going to bed; not tired to-day, but hope to sleep, nevertheless."

September 22.

"Left Thon in a boat, which carried us the length of the lake in three hours. The lake small, but the banks fine. Rocks down to the

Dent de Jaman.





water's edge. Landed at Newhause—passed Interlachen—entered upon a range of scenes beyond all description, or previous conception. Passed a rock: inscription—two brothers—one murdered the other; just the place for it. After a variety of windings came to an enormous rock. Arrived at the foot of the mountain (the Jungfrau, that is, the Maiden)—glaciers—torrents; one of these torrents nine hundred feet in height of visible descent. Lodged at the curate's. Set out to see the valley—heard an avalanche fall, like thunder—glaciers enormous—storm came on, thunder, lightning, hail—all in perfection, and beautiful. I was on horseback; guide wanted to carry my cane; I was going to give it him, when I recollect that it was a sword-stick, and I thought the lightning might be attracted towards him; kept it myself; a good deal encumbered with it, as it was too heavy for a whip, and the horse was stupid, and stood with every other peal. Got in, not very wet, the cloak being stanch. Hobhouse wet through; Hobhouse took refuge in cottage; sent man, umbrella, and cloak (from the curate's when I arrived) after him. Swiss curate's house very good indeed—much better than most English vicarages. It is immediately opposite the torrent I spoke of. The torrent is in shape curving over the rock, like the tail of a white horse streaming in the wind, such as it might be conceived would be that of the 'pale horse' on which Death is mounted in the Apocalypse.† It is neither mist nor water, but a something between both; its immense height (nine hundred feet) gives it a wave or curve, a spreading here, or condensation there, wonderful and indescribable. I think, upon the whole, that this day has been better than any of this present excursion.

"September 23.

"Before ascending the mountain, went to the torrent (seven in the morning) again; the sun upon it, forming a rainbow of the lower part of all colours, but principally purple and gold; the bow moving as you move; I never saw anything like this; it is only in the sunshine. Ascended the Wengen mountain; at noon reached a valley on the summit; left the horses, took off my coat, and went to the summit, seven thousand feet (English feet) above the level of the sea, and about five thousand above the valley we left in the morning. On one side, our view comprised the Jungfrau, with all her glaciers; then the Dent d'Argent, shining like truth; then the Little Giant (the Kleine Eiger); and the Great Giant (the Grosse Eiger), and last, not least, the Wetterhorn. The height of the Jungfrau is 13,000 feet above the sea, 11,000 above the valley: she is the highest of this range. Heard the avalanches falling every five minutes nearly. From whence we stood, on the Wengen Alp, we had all these in view on one side; on the other, the clouds rose from the opposite valley, curling up perpendicular precipices like the foam of the ocean of hell, during a spring tide—it was white and sulphur, and immeasurably deep in appearance.‡ The side we ascended was, of course, not of so precipitous

† It is interesting to observe the use to which he afterwards converted these hasty memorandum in his sublime drama of *Manfred*.—I

It is not noon—the sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along,
And th' and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The Giant steed, to be bestride by Death,
As told in the *Apocalypse*.

‡ Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
In mountainous o'rewhelming, come and crush me!
I hear ye momently above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict.

The mists roll up around the glaciers; clouds
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphur,
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell!

MANFRED.

nature; but on arriving at the summit, we looked down upon the other side upon a boiling sea of cloud, dashing against the crags on which we stood (these crags on one side quite perpendicular). Staid a quarter of an hour—begun to descend—quite clear from cloud on that side of the mountain. In passing the masses of snow, I made a snowball and pelted Hobhouse with it.

"Got down to our horses again; eat something; remounted; heard the avalanches still: came to a morass; Hobhouse dismounted to get over well; I tried to pass my horse over; the horse sunk up to the chin, and of course he and I were in the mud together; bemired, but not hurt; laughed, and rode on. Arrived at the Grindewald; dined, mounted again, and rode to the higher glacier—like a frozen hurricane.† Starlight, beautiful, but a devil of a path! Never mind, got safe in; a little lightning, but the whole of the day as fine in point of weather as the day on which Paradise was made. Passed whole woods of withered pines, all withered; trunks stripped and lifeless, branches lifeless; done by a single winter."‡

Shelley and Byron, it appears, first met at Geneva:—

"There was no want of disposition towards acquaintance on either side, and an intimacy almost immediately sprung up between them. Among the tastes common to both, that for boating was not the least strong; and in this beautiful region they had more than ordinary temptations to indulge in it. Every evening, during their residence under the same roof at Sécheron, they embarked, accompanied by the ladies and Polidori, on the Lake; and to the feelings and fancies inspired by these excursions, which were not unfrequently prolonged into the hour of moonlight, we are indebted for some of those enchanting stanzas* in which the poet has given way to his passionate love of Nature so fervently.

"There breathes a living fragrance from the shore
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drips the light drop of the suspended oar.

* * * * *

At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy,—for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away."

"A person who was of these parties has thus described to me one of their evenings. 'When the bise or north-east wind blows, the waters of the Lake are driven towards the town, and, with the stream of the Rhone, which sets strongly in the same direction, combine to make a very rapid current towards the harbour. Carelessly, one evening, we had yielded to its course, till we found ourselves almost driven on the piles; and it required all our rowers' strength to master the tide. The waves were high and inspiring—we were all animated by our contest with the elements. "I will sing you an Albanian song," cried Lord Byron; "now, be sentimental, and give me all your attention." It was a strange, wild howl that he gave forth; but such as, he declared, was an exact imitation of the savage Albanian mode—laughing, the while, at our disappointment, who had expected a wild Eastern melody.'

"Sometimes the party landed, for a walk upon the shore, and, on such occasions, Lord Byron would loiter behind the rest, lazily trail-

† O'er the savage sea,
The glassy ocean of the mountain ice.
We skim its rugged breakers, which put on
The aspect of a tumbling tempest's foam
Frozen in a moment.—MANFRED.

‡ Like these blasted pines,
Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless.
MANFRED.

* Child Harold, Canto 3.

ing his sword-stick along, and moulding, as he went, his thronging thoughts into shape. Often too, when in the boat, he would lean abstractedly over the side, and surrender himself up, in silence, to the same absorbing task.

"The conversation of Mr. Shelley, from the extent of his poetic reading, and the strange, mystic speculations into which his system of philosophy led him, was of a nature strongly to arrest and interest the attention of Lord Byron, and to turn him away from worldly associations and topics into more abstract and untried ways of thought. As far as contrast, indeed, is an enlivening ingredient of such intercourse, it would be difficult to find two persons more formed to whet each other's faculties by discussion, as on few points of common interest between them did their opinions agree; and that this difference had its root deep in the conformation of their respective minds needs but a glance through the rich, glittering labyrinth of Mr. Shelley's pages to assure us."

We shall now extract some more of the interesting letters and must then conclude.

TO MR. MURRAY.

Bologna, June 7th, 1810.

* * * * * "I have been picture-gazing this morning at the famous Domenichino and Guido, both of which are superlative. I afterwards went to the beautiful cemetery of Bologna, beyond the walls, and found, besides the superb burial ground, an original of a Custode, who reminded one of the grave-digger in Hamlet. He has a collection of capuchins' skulls, labelled on the forehead, and taking down one of them, said, 'This was Brother Desiderio Berro, who died at forty—one of my best friends. I begged his head of his brethren after his decease, and they gave it me. I put it in lime, and then boiled it. Here it is, teeth and all, in excellent preservation. He was the merriest, cleverest fellow I ever knew. Wherever he went, he brought joy: and whenever any one was melancholy, the sight of him was enough to make him cheerful again. He walked so actively, you might have taken him for a dancer—he joked—he laughed—oh! he was such a Frate as I never saw before, nor ever shall again!'

"He told me that he had himself planted all the cypresses in the cemetery; that he had the greatest attachment to them and to his dead people; that since 1801 they had buried fifty-three thousand persons. In showing some older monuments, there was that of a Roman girl of twenty, with a bust by Bernini. She was a princess Barlorini, dead two centuries ago: he said that, on opening her grave, they had found her hair complete, and 'as yellow as gold.' Some of the epitaphs at Ferrara pleased me more than the more splendid monuments at Bologna; for instance—

* Martini Luigi
Implora pace!
* Lucrezia Picini
Implora eterna quiete.'

Can any thing be more full of pathos? Those few words say all that can be said or sought: the dead had had enough of life; all they wanted was rest, and this they implore! There is all the helplessness, and humble hope, and death-like prayer, that can arise from the grave—'implora pace'. I hope whoever may survive me, and shall see me put in the foreigners'

* Though Lord Byron, like most other persons, in writing to different friends, was sometimes led to repeat the same circumstances and thoughts, there is, from the ever ready fertility of his mind, much less repetition in his correspondence than in that of any other multifarious letter-writer; and, in the instance before us, where the same facts and reflections are, for the second time, introduced, it is with such new touches, both of thought and expression, as render them, even a second time, interesting—what is wanting in the novelty of the matter being made up by the new aspect given to it.

burying-ground at the Lido, within the fortress by the Adriatic, will see those two words, and no more, put over me. I trust they won't think of 'pickling, and bringing me home to Clod or Blunderbuss Hall.' I am sure my bones would not rest in an English grave, or my clay mix with the earth of that country. I believe the thought would drive me mad on my death-bed, could I suppose that any of my friends would be base enough to convey my carcass back to your soil.—I would not even feed your worms, if I could help it.

"So, as Shakespeare says of Mowbray, the banished Duke of Norfolk, who died at Venice (see Richard 2d), that he, after fighting

Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens,
And toil'd with works of war, retired himself
To Italy, and there, at *Venice*, gave
His body to that *pleasant* country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

"Before I left Venice, I had returned to you late, and Mr. Hobhouse's, sheets of Juan. Don't wait for further answers from me, but address yours to Venice, as usual. I know nothing of my own movements; I may return there in a few days, or not for some time. All this depends on circumstances. I left Mr. Hoppner very well. My daughter Allegra was well too, and is growing pretty; her hair is growing darker, and her eyes are blue. Her temper and her ways, Mr. Hoppner says, are like mine, as well as her features: she will make, in that case, a manageable young lady.

"I have never heard anything of Ada, the little Electra of my Mycene. * * * But there will come a day of reckoning, even if I should not live to see it. I have at least seen — shivered, who was one of my assassins. When that man was doing his worst to uproot my whole family, tree, branch, and blossoms—when, after taking my retainer, he went over to them—when he was bringing desolation on my hearth, and destruction on my household gods—did he think that, in less than three years, a natural event—a severe domestic, but an expected and common calamity—would lay his carcass in a cross-road, or stamp his name in a Verdict of Lunacy! Did he (who in his sexagenary * * * reflect or consider what *my* feelings must have been, when wife, and child, and sister, and name, and fame, and country, were to be my sacrifice on his legal altar—and this at a moment when my health was declining, my fortune embarrassed, and my mind had been shaken by many kinds of disappointment—while I was yet young, and might have reformed what might be wrong in my conduct, and retrieved what was perplexing in my affairs! But he is in his grave, and * * * What a long letter I have scribbled!"

During his residence at Ravenna he wrote as follows—it is not necessary for us to fill in the names—

TO MR. HOPPNER.

"Ravenna, June 20, 1820.

"I wrote to you from Padua, and from Bologna, and since from Ravenna, I find my situation very agreeable, but want my horses very much, there being good riding in the environs. I can fix no time for my return to Venice—it may be soon or late—or not at all—it all depends on the Donna, whom I found very seriously ill in bed with a cough and spitting of blood, &c. all of which has subsided. * * * I found all the people here firmly persuaded that she would never recover;—they were mistaken, however.

"My letters were useful as far as I employed them; and I like both the place and people, though I don't trouble the latter more than I can help. She manages very well— * * * * but if I come away with a stiletto in my gizzard some fine afternoon, I shall not be astonished. I can't make him out at all—he

visits me frequently, and takes me out (like Whittington, the Lord Mayor) in a coach and six horses. The fact appears to be, that he is completely governed by her—for that matter, so am I. The people here don't know what to make of us, as he had the character of jealousy with all his wives—this is the third. He is the richest of the Ravennese, by their own account, but is not popular among them.

Now do, pray, send off Augustine, and carriage and cattle, to Bologna, without fail or delay, or I shall lose my remaining shred of sense. Don't forget this. My coming, going, and everything, depend upon HER entirely; just as Mrs. Hoppner (to whom I remit my reverences) said in the true spirit of female prophecy.

"You are but a shabby fellow not to have written before.

"And I am truly yours, &c."

We conclude with another letter written at Ravenna, in which reference indeed is made to the same parties; and to one other, in a spirit of bitterness that seems to have awakened all his energies, and justifies the opinion of Goethe, that he was inspired by the Genius of Pain.

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, June 29th, 1820.

"The letters have been forwarded from Venice, but I trust that you will not have waited for further alterations—I will make none. You ask me to spare * * * *—ask the worms. His dust can suffer nothing from the truth being spoken—and if it could, how did he behave to me? You may talk to the wind, which will carry the sound—and to the caves, which will echo you—but not to me, on the subject of a * * * who wronged me—whether dead or alive.

"I have no time to return you the proofs—publish without them. I am glad you think the poesy good; and as to 'thinking of the effect,' think you of the sale, and leave me to pluck the porcupines who may point their quills at you.

"I have been here (at Ravenna) these four weeks, having left Venice a month ago—I came to see my 'Amica,' the Countess Guiccioli, who has been, and still continues, very unwell.

She is only twenty years old, but not of a strong constitution.

She has a perpetual cough and an intermittent fever, but bears up most gallantly in every sense of the word. Her husband (this is his third wife) is the richest noble of Ravenna, and almost of Romagna; he is also not the youngest, being upwards of threescore, but in good preservation. All this will appear strange to you, who do not understand the meridian morality, nor our way of life in such respects, and I cannot at present expound the difference—but you would find it much the same in these parts. At Faenza there is Lord — with an opera girl; and at the inn in the same town is a Neapolitan Prince, who serves the wife of the Gonfaloniere of that city. I am on duty here—so you see 'Così fan tutti e tutte.'

"I have my horses here, saddle as well as carriage, and ride or drive every day in the forest, the Pineta, the scene of Boccaccio's novel, and Dryden's fable of Honoria, &c. &c.; and I

* That this task of "governing" him was one of more ease than, from the ordinary view of his character, might be concluded, I have more than once, in these pages, expressed my opinion, and shall here quote, in corroboration of it, the remark of his own servant (founded on an observation of more than twenty years), in speaking of his master's matrimonial fate:—"It is very odd, but I never yet knew a lady that could not manage my Lord, except my Lady."

"More knowledge," says Johnson, "may be gained of a man's real character by a short conversation with one of his servants than from the most formal and studied narrative."

see my Dame every day * * * * *; but I feel seriously uneasy about her health, which seems very precarious. In losing her, I should lose a being who has run great risks on my account, and whom I have every reason to love—but I must not think this possible. I do not know what I should do if she died, but I ought to blow my brains out—and I hope that I should. Her husband is a very polite personage, but I wish he would not carry me out in his coach and six, like Whittington and his cat."

The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte. By William Hazlitt. 4 vols. 3rd. London. Effingham Wilson.

An impartial history of him before whom thrones trembled, monarchs bowed, and dynasties fell, is not likely to be written in our time. Mr. Hazlitt was as impartial as any other biographer, and yet we all know he had strong prejudices, and especially political ones; it was impossible it could be otherwise with any man old enough to remember the first French revolution.

The French revolution—that momentous era, when men bent the knee before the shadow, and forgot the substance; when through an excess of freedom they fell into that vilest of slavery, the thrall of passion; when they worshipped licence under the fair name of liberty—was effected by the onward rush of high and holy hopes, and, above all, by the accumulative power of human sympathy, that strong bond which knits together the oppressed in one common union of hatred against the oppressor. But the government consequent on the revolution, was soon threatened by force from without, and assailed by wild tyranny within. Napoleon collected the scattered remnants of peace and order, and led the armies of the republic on to victory. He flung a bridle over the neck and placed a bit in the mouth of the revolution, and it became wholly subservient to his hand. He saw that a throne was vacant, and he vaulted into the empty seat. He put on the crown of France and Italy, and, on the ruins of royalty and the yet smoking embers of republicanism, he established a monarchy, of which he was the imperial chief.

The life of such a man is not to be written by his contemporaries, or, if written, it must be by some dreaming philosopher who had never mingled in the strife of the fierce political discussions of the age; and then, where is the reviewer who could hold the balance even?

Differing as we do from many of the opinions, and from some of the deductions in this work, we may add that the style is energetic, and often eloquent; a fine breadth is thrown over the details, and a fine spirit of philosophic inquiry breathes in every page. The work is never dull, and perhaps as impartial as could be hoped for. With all our objections, we doubt if we have had, or are likely to have, a better on the same subject.

A New Voyage round the World. By Otto von Kotzebue. London, 1830. Colburn & Bentley.

The more interesting passages appeared some months since in the *Athenæum*—we think it only necessary therefore to mention, that the work itself is now translated and published.





NATIONAL LIBRARY. No. IV.

The History of Chivalry. By G. P. R. James, Esq.
Author of "De l'Orme," &c. London; Colburn & Bentley.

THE history of chivalry offers a series of subjects for investigation, on which the most philosophic minds may be long employed with profit. It is not without pleasure, therefore, that we have seen more than one late attempt made to examine the character of the institution, and explain its relation to the times in which it arose, and to the manners, which it is supposed to have affected in so important a degree; and the literary rank of the author of the present volume led us to look with some interest for the appearance of his work, believing, as we did, that he would not fail to produce one which might be read with pleasure, and perhaps profit. But we had not got through the preface before our hearts failed us. Mr. James, with a becoming consciousness of well-earned fame, whispers apologies about being hurried, and wanting elbow-room. "In space I have been confined, and in time I have been hurried." We saw, in a moment, it was another volume written to order and measure. By whom was Mr. James hurried?—why confined in space? He knows well enough that, under ordinary circumstances, the author of "Richelieu" would have been requested to spread one volume over three. But a taint is on the "National"—it has been blown upon, condemned, and must before long follow the "Juvenile," and be carted off. A few more numbers, already bespoke, may come halting after this; but public confidence is gone: and we trust the fate of these pompous nothings will be a warning to publishers, not again to put their trust in paid paragraphs, or large sums spent in preliminary puffing. Twelve months since, the speculation would have been a sure one—a grain of the salt of truth—one breath of honest criticism—has burst the bubble, and shown its emptiness.

We have one other question to ask, and that will bring us to the immediate consideration of the work before us. Was it the author, the editor, or the publishers, who fabricated its deceptive title?—or what reason can be assigned for terming a work a History of Chivalry, when, out of 350 pages, not more than 70 or 80 treat of that subject? This is one of the most flagrant misnomers which we remember to have seen.

If we were assured that the naming of the volume were an absurdity perpetrated by the editor or publishers, we should pass it over as a blundering manœuvre. It, however, implies a serious error on the part of the author, if he had any share whatever in affixing the title to his own book. It gives us reason to apprehend, that he unphilosophically confounds the causes which gave birth to Chivalry with those that produced the Crusades; and his preface seems still further to increase this suspicion, for, though his work bears the appellation of a History of Chivalry, his introductory remarks have almost exclusive reference to authors who have written on the Crusades. We felt, from this circumstance, a strong suspicion respecting Mr. James's clearness of ideas on his subject, and it was greatly augmented when we opened his volume. Affecting an extraordinary anxiety to prevent

misconceptions, he begins by explaining to his readers the use of a definition, and then gives the definition for which he had thus apologized; but the moment he has defined his subject, he tells the reader that it is incapable of definition! We give Mr. James full credit for believing what he asserts; for he first says, that chivalry was a military institution, prompted (how prompted?) by enthusiastic benevolence, &c.; and next tells us, to the confusion of plain sense, that this military institution was more a spirit, than an institution! This, however, is not the worst. Mr. James speaks in a style scarcely becoming a writer at present known only as a novelist. To judge by his language, we might suppose him to have made the most important discoveries on the subject of Chivalry and the Crusades; whereas, as far as we can perceive, he has not started a single notion that can lay claim to the credit of originality. "It appears to me," he says, "that many writers have mistaken the track, and, by looking for the mere external signs, have been led into ages infinitely prior to the spirit of chivalry." And while he observes that the idea, that Chivalry dawned in the reign of Charlemagne, has met with many supporters, even among the learned, he very modestly intimates, that these learned men had no more reason for the supposition, than they would have had for calling Virgil a necromancer, or Hercules a *preux chevalier*.

And what is Mr. James's own reasoning on the subject? He rejects the notion that traces of the institution might be discovered at any earlier period than that when it arose in France—or that the Germans, when they gave their young men arms, Alfred, in formally investing Athelstan with a purple garment and a sword, and Charlemagne in doing the same to his son Louis, indicated the existence of a ceremonial something like that employed in the institutions of chivalry. Nor was there either the form or the spirit of it, he asserts, in the ceremonies of the Germans—an assertion which we are inclined to think he would not have made, had he thought more carefully upon the subject. It has never been supposed, that the rites employed in the forests of the north were exactly the same as those used when chivalry was perfected; but the existence of certain solemn forms invariably employed on the admission of a youth into the military order, affords a presumption that the ceremonial of modern chivalry had its model in remote ages, which Mr. James's petulant assertion can never weaken. Nor is it at all so certain, as he appears to suppose, that there was no religion in the case of our German ancestors: there is great probability that the devout or superstitious feelings which existed among them, were not wanting of some outward demonstration, when their youth bound themselves to their prince with a loyalty, chivalrous both in its character and consequences, which could not have sprung up in their hearts, but for the existence of a spirit very like that which inspired a later chivalry.

But Mr. James reasons so loosely on his subject, that he appears to rest the weight of his argument at one time on the non-existence of the forms; at another, on the absence of the spirit—and that without letting us see to which he attributes the greater importance. According, however, to his preliminary remark, the spirit was the chivalry; and we

had trusted that, having made that remark, he would have taken a more correct, and less confined view of the subject. The history of chivalry has, in fact, for the most part, been far too much in the hands of mere antiquaries, who, unable to discover the existence of the same modes of feeling in different ages, when the outward signs of their existence are at all different, have given a modern origin to things which, in spirit, had a being in the most remote times. The spirit of chivalry, notwithstanding all Mr. James has said upon the subject, may be discovered (as, doubtless, some of the forms may,) among the old Germans. The unbounded, generous self-devotion with which those who had been solemnly invested with arms followed their chieftain—the feeling of dignity which was attached to that profession of arms, and the utter degradation incurred, if they failed either in fidelity or valour—are all so many signs of the existence of that complicated sentiment of honour, which formed the true spirit of chivalry, properly so called. There is also another consideration in favour of the German warriors, and one which Mr. James ought not to have overlooked, namely, their respect for women, and the rank and comparative elevation of character which women thereby enjoyed among them. Surely, all these circumstances taken together merit no slight consideration from a writer who pretends to be looking for the first signs of a chivalrous spirit; and to trace the origin of which, is, after all, the most, if not the only, valuable object which a writer on the subject can have in view. To suppose, indeed, that the spirit of an institution like chivalry could be struck out suddenly, like sparks from a flint and steel, according to Mr. James's comparison, and as he would have it, is grossly unphilosophical. The spirit of chivalry was a compound of many noble feelings—but noble only from their humanity; and wherever the human spirit had excitement for heroic action, and felt a willingness to obey the impulse, there were the very elements of chivalry, which, though it passed but as an invisible spirit through the German forests, was as truly in being then, as when it sat down in its purple state on the thrones of monarchs. We hope one day to see the subject of chivalry carefully examined, that the student of history may be able to trace its progress through its earlier stages, and be no longer led away by the idea that it had no existence till the tenth or eleventh century, when it (that is, the spirit of chivalry,) according to our author, "like the flame struck forth from the hard steel and the dull flint, was kindled into sudden light by the savage cruelty of the nobles, and the heavy barbarity of the people"!! Where could Mr. James have found a comparison so utterly senseless? Which was the flint that hid the precious seeds of the divine flame—the savage cruelty, or the heavy barbarity? Had Mr. James given a definition to any purpose, and, instead of mentioning the spirit of chivalry, been content with describing it in the precise form under which it latterly existed, he would have avoided these objections, and been safe in his assertions respecting its modern origin; but breaking down, as he himself has done, the only barrier to the widest extension of the subject, he should have come better prepared to examine it in that

extent. His reasonings, if reasonings they can be called, against the opinion, that traces of chivalry may be discovered in the reign of Charlemagne, are as loose and unsatisfactory as those which relate to the Germans. In the monarch himself were combined almost all the elements of the true knight: he was romantically valorous—was noted for his gallantry to the fair—and wielded his sword in obedience to the church and for its protection. In his courtiers he had, no doubt, many imitators; and if “the spirit was the chivalry,” what was wanting but “the mere external signs,” which Mr. James treats so lightly, to set the whole system at once before the world? At any rate, there is far better reason for the supposition, that chivalry was breathing in the reign of Charlemagne, than he allows his readers to suppose, or than he has perceived, perhaps, himself.

We should gladly pursue the subject, as an interesting and important one, but must now leave the theoretical part of Mr. James's work, to make a few remarks on its general execution. Chivalry is an animating subject, and its institutions and the deeds of its sons should be described glowingly, and with a touch of the same free, bold spirit that animated their hearts. There are many passages in Mr. James's account not deficient in this quality, and which we have read with considerable pleasure; but he has occasionally disfigured his pages with foolish comparisons and distorted figures—his metaphorical language being in general strangely cold and insipid for so respectable a writer. Thus, in describing the sensations experienced by the Crusaders on approaching Jerusalem, he tells us that their remembrance of all that that mighty city had beheld, &c. &c., “combined in every bosom to call up the sublime of joy”; in another place, that religion, appealing to the imagination through the senses, “awoke a thousand enthusiasms”; that “Charlemagne expired like a meteor.” But these, we have no doubt, were mere slips of the pen; and Mr. James, with these trifling exceptions, merits the praise of having described the events he details with considerable vigour and elegance. As a proof that this is due to him, we give his account of the taking of Antioch, when the Crusaders were admitted by the treachery of Phirouz:

“Phirouz, the Armenian traitor, was warned that Boemond was about to take advantage of his offer; and, as soon as night had completely set in, the Prince of Tarentum, with a body of chosen knights, proceeded into the mountains, as if with the design of surprising the host of the Persians. Only seven hundred men, however, were selected for this perilous expedition; and marching in the dead of the night, they crossed the valleys and precipices of the rocky chain on which the city rested, and halted in a deep dell at some distance from the walls. The wind was blowing in sharp gusts, and its howlings among the gorges of the mountains prevented the tramp of the armed men from reaching the watchmen on the walls. Having assembled their forces in the valley, Godfrey and Boemond explained to their followers the real nature of the enterprise they meditated. A single interpreter was sent forward, to confer with their traitorous coadjutor, and to ascertain that all was prepared. Phirouz assured him that he was ready, and asked eagerly where were the knights; being told that they were near, he pressed them to advance, lest anything should excite the suspicion of the other commanders, especially as, from time to time, men with lighted torches patrolled the wall

during the night, and it was necessary that they should take advantage of the interval. Godfrey, Robert of Flanders, and Boemond, instantly led the troops to the foot of the fortifications: a rope was let down, and a ladder of hides raised. At first, no one could be found to mount. Unaccustomed to carry on any warlike operations during the night, a thousand unwonted fears took possession of the bosoms of the crusaders. At length, urged by the chiefs, and encouraged by Phirouz from above, one knight—which of the body is not certain—began to ascend the ladder, and was followed by several others. Silence then succeeded, and temporary hesitation once more took possession of the force below: but the voices of their companions who had ascended, whispering assurances of safety and fidelity, soon renewed their courage, and many attempting to climb the ladder at once it gave way under their weight, precipitating them upon the lance-heads that were buried in the fosse. The clang of their armour as they fell was a new cause of alarm, lest the sound should reach the other towers: so loud, however, was the roaring of the wind, and the hollow rushing sound of the Orontes, that the noise was not heard by any but those immediately around. The ladder was easily repaired, and more than sixty knights had reached the top of the battlements when the torch of the patrol began to gleam along the walls in its approach towards them. Hid in the shadows of the tower, the crusaders waited the officer's approach, and before he could spread the alarm death had fixed the seal of silence on his lips for ever. The knights now descended through the staircase in the masonry, and finding the soldiers of the guard asleep, they speedily rendered their slumbers eternal. A postern gate was then forced open, and the seven hundred champions rushed into the city, sounding their horns in every direction, as had been agreed between the chiefs, in order that on this signal the town might be at the same time attacked from without.

“It would be painful to dwell upon the scene of slaughter that ensued. The Turks were soon awakened by the shrieks of their falling comrades, and by the trumpets of their victorious foe: they ran to arms, and for many hours manfully opposed their conquerors hand to hand, though all hope of victory was now over. The Greeks and Armenians hastened to force open the gates and give entrance to the rest of the army of the cross; but, in the darkness that prevailed, many of the Christians as well as the Turks were slaughtered by the victors, who butchered all ages, sexes, and conditions, with indiscriminate rage and haste, in which fear and agitation had probably as much to do as cruelty and fanaticism.

“During the whole of the night the crusaders continued the massacre of their enemies; and Albert of Aix declares, that the following morning they found they had slain many of their own countrymen by mistake. Such a fact is not difficult to conceive of a body of men wandering without guide through a hostile town, with the paths of which they were unacquainted. As ever follows the violent capture of a large city, the soldiery first satisfied themselves with bloodshed, and perhaps added some extra cruelties to gratify their fanaticism, and then betook themselves to plunder and debauchery; nevertheless, they committed not greater excesses than we have seen perpetrated in days not very distant from our own, by the troops of civilized nations, without the fiery stimulus of religious zeal for a palliation.” p. 136—9.

We might quote several other passages of equal merit; indeed, as a whole, the volume is written with much spirit. We object to Mr. James's views respecting the origin of chivalry; but, as a man of learning, he will see nothing extraordinary in that circum-

stance. But his work is much less useful, in our estimation, than it would have been, had he taken a more enlarged view of the subject;—nor can we consider that he has treated it with due care; yet his historical details are well managed throughout; and had his volume been entitled a History of the Crusades, instead of Chivalry, our praise would have been very slightly mixed with censure. He has done more injustice to himself than to the public, by giving the title to his volume under which it appears; and we are sorry that so accomplished a writer should suffer from such an error, not altogether, perhaps, his own.

The Exiles of Palestine, a Tale of the Holy Land.
3 vols. London. Saunders & Otley.

Mr. Carne is so favourably known to the world, through his very delightful “Letters from the East,” and other works of equal interest, that nothing which comes from his pen, concerning the land from whence all light and knowledge sprung, can be received otherwise than as a benefit. The present work extends to three volumes, and embodies those touching events which followed the subjugation of Acre by the Saracens. Domestic tenderness and social sensibility, rather than heroic deeds and exploits of daring enterprise, are the characteristics of this Tale of the Holy Land. The author can sit by the streams of Babel, and mourn with the banished children, better than he can mount the war-horse, spur on the spears, or climb the “eminently deadly breach” with sword and with war-axe. In domestic and in scriptural things, he certainly excels—in the gentle sufferings of woman, he is more skilful than in the storming of a city, or the attack upon a camp; and assuredly, no one has succeeded better in bringing the scenes of Palestine and Syria freshly back to our fancy. With each stream, and hill, and tower, which Scripture has endeared to us, the author is acquainted. He has plucked roses on Sharon, and lilies in the valley, and looked down upon Jerusalem from Heshbon and from Carmel. We shall attempt no description of the story which these volumes contain—in that the author is not wanting—we will rather make a few extracts from those fine episodes of a domestic or scriptural kind, which are strewn thickly along the current of the narrative. We may, however, observe, that he has obeyed nature, in not making all the Saracen warriors brutal and blood-thirsty, or the Christian warriors, brave, mild and virtuous;—in truth, Europe sent her folly to the wars as well as her wisdom; and of the Pagan knights, who followed the banners of the Sultans, many were learned, benevolent, and, though it may startle a Christian, pious.

There is much quiet beauty in the following passage—the hills, the woods, the streams, and the people of other times of suffering, arise upon us as we read:

“Of the lofty enthusiasm of his companion, Lucius felt and cared little: he had, in his monastery, contrived, as often as possible, to leave his brethren the task of chanting and praying beside the places of their faith, and, with his wanderer's staff and sandals, had studied mankind in the city and in the wild.

“‘What mountain is this,’ asked Isabel, ‘so difficult of ascent, yet it seems to have been a path worn ages since?’—as they slowly toiled

up the acclivities, amidst whose masses of grey rock a narrow and winding path conducted.

" You say right, lady," said the former; " the feet of shepherds, as well as prophets, have been here: this is the mountain of Tekoa, and there, pointing to a small plain that formed the summit, on which they now entered, 'once stood the place of that name, where the Prophet Amos dwelt: amidst these pastures, that are now rank and useless, he tended his flocks.'

" Can this have been the site of a town or city?" asked the other; " its extent is hardly sufficient."

" So it appears to us, doubtless," he replied, " but the names of cities, as well as of princes, described so often in this land, seldom answered to our ideas of them: this lonely plain," he continued, " on the summit of a barren mountain, does not appear a fit area, at first, to cherish lofty conceptions; yet from hence, while tending his flock, the obscure but inspired shepherd might survey the chief places of pride and power in Israel,—might denounce the splendour and luxuries of cities, though afar off, and warn their princes of coming woes. See you the numerous and spacious caves in yonder rocks, that bound the narrow plain? They were the resting places of the flocks by night, as well as of the wayfaring man."

" It is a rude and sublime scene," she replied; " the air of heaven seems to come more pure and inspiring here."

" The spirits of the prophets," said the priest, " and the fire, as well as loftiness of their descriptions, were no doubt greatly aided by the influences of nature: the lonely hill, the retired glen, the solemn wilderness, were their favourite retreats and dwelling places."

" His words were here broken by the wild and sweet sound of a pipe: Isabel turned eagerly round, and saw a young man, habited in the pastoral and simple garb of the country, conducting a small flock of sheep over the plain. He now stood amidst the ruins of a Christian church, that had been built by some zealous prelate on the site of the dwelling place of the Prophet: its grey walls were still standing, amidst the rank grass, but the foot of priest and pilgrim had long since passed away.

" He is playing a simple air of his land," said Lucius, with a smile, after he had listened a few moments, " amidst the ruins of the Greek chapel. See!" he continued, directing her attention far beyond the plain, " yonder line of red light, lingering between those dreary summits, as if it told that other woes were nigh: that is the sad domain of the Dead Sea, that visible valley of the shadow of death, where the smile of heaven never rests, and hope cannot come."

" It is a strange and fearful scene," she said, gazing on it with intense curiosity.

" It is still more strange," he replied, " that no seer or prophet, who warned or predicted in the days of old, should ever have borrowed its stern desolation, its terrible majesty, which were always before their eyes: "the howling desert, the land of drought, and not inhabited," with all the other images of sorrow they use, are tame and poor, compared to the imagery that the day and night furnish forth around that shore. The Psalmist saw it from his hills of the wild goats, in the hours of his exile in Maon; its magnificence was ever before him, yet he never speaks of it—he never alludes to the most awful scene the world offers, of the just and powerful judgments of God."

" The whole party had now gathered around, and were listening with the deepest attention to the words of the young priest.

" Whose is that simple monument afar off," asked the lady, " if it be a memorial of the dead, that stands alone in the plain at some distance?"

" That simple tomb," said the Armenian, " for such it is, was not reared by Christian

hands, but by those of their Saracen foe. You look on it with deep interest," he continued, while his own eye was fixed intensely on the sweet and melancholy features of the youthful woman; " it tells, far more impressively than the proudest sepulchre, that in the wilderness sleeps the beautiful wife, the devoted mother, who had made exile, sorrow, and oppression dear to the banished man. The Saracen pauses in the wild, to kneel beside it; the Arab forgets his fierceness there: and the memory and the love of Rachael are remembered, while the very fragments of cities have perished around. O woman!" he muttered, " thou art alone restless; when tried in the balance, thou alone art not found wanting." Isabel turned at his words, and observed with surprise his impassioned look and flushed brow.

" It is time to end this parley," interrupted the guide, who had listened with some impatience; " look towards the bosom of yonder ravine; there is the quick passing of turbans and the gleaming of lances: I fear it is the Lady Isabel they seek."

" Is there no place of refuge nigh?" she said, hurriedly.

" As yet," he replied, " they observe us not, for we are sheltered from their view by these friendly rocks: let them drive their coursers and raise their wild shouts. Hark! how the mountain echoes bear them afar: already they bend their course onwards, not believing that your foot has scaled these heights."

" Where shall we seek a retreat?" asked the Armenian, earnestly: " defence were useless, should we be discovered."

" For the night," he answered, " we will take refuge in one of these lofty caverns: didst thou not say, that prophets and princes had made their rest of old there? in truth, it is a goodly and spacious resting place."

" As the night drew on, the mountain air grew keener, and a large fire was kindled, whose flame flickered wildly on the roof and sides of the gloomy interior: without, at a short distance, the few soldiers kept a careful watch: while within, the faithful guide did his utmost to banish the feelings of alarm and suspense that began to creep on the party. He drew forth the materials for a repast, which were brought from the castle, and arranging them on the floor, exhorted the party to partake freely, as to-morrow might bring no supply." ii. 28—35.

Nor is the picture which succeeds less skilfully painted—in scenes such as these the author is strong, and they occur frequently:—

" A few days passed tranquilly over the two recluses, if they might be so called, of ' the Three Martyrs,' but they did not pass idly; the scattered brethren, who had taken refuge in different parts of the mountain, were invited to come once more beneath the monastic roof, and share its comforts and its shelter. The message was willingly and eagerly embraced, and each day, almost, some poor and friendless monk or priest was seen wending his way down the rocks around, or issuing from some narrow glen, to where the secure retreat of ' the Martyrs' stood. The Armenians were distinguished above all the other religious establishments of the East, for the wide latitude and indulgence they gave to the practice of their members; they were, in fact, the most worldly as well as the most polished recluses; and the scattered and dependent members, who soon were assembled within the walls, showed no reluctance or dislike to the claims of a man, far younger, and less austere than many among them, to be their Superior. They owed this last refuge wholly to him, and they listened with pleased ears to his details of the prospects, the resources, and the security that now belonged to their lot. And when he looked around him

on the assembled fathers, he resolved to celebrate the re-instatement, as he called it, the dominion of the church in this convent in the wild, by a suitable ceremony. It was a sabbath-day—that day, which is felt, by some strange and sweet influence, in the desert as well as in the hamlet; and the season shed all its loveliness around it.

" When the coolness of declining day began to be felt, the slender procession of recluses issued from the portal, with bare heads, and each bearing a crucifix and a lighted taper, that flamed sadly in the light of the sun, and singing, as they walked, a hymn expressive of the occasion. The silken banner, always borne in the Armenian ceremonies, that had been saved by one of the fathers, was carried before the Superior, who looked around, in the fulness and pride of his heart, on the grey walls, and their accompaniments, as much as to say all these are mine. He was arrayed in a white robe, that Anselm had treasured, on which his long dark tresses loosely drooped, and the train was borne by the youngest of the brethren. The silver tones of his voice rose clearly and beautifully in the chaunt above all the others. Through the grove they passed, and the cemetery, and then around at the feet of the adjoining mountains, where two or three spots of saintly virtue stood, and returned to the small chapel of the building that formed part of the farthest wing.

" The simple and almost rude appearance of the interior of the chapel made the lonely procession of fathers, that now entered, still more impressive; the few ornaments had, long since, been torn away. The altar alone was of marble, but neither images nor paintings were allowed within the Armenian walls. The narrow aisles again returned the slow and measured tread of holy men, who sprinkled incense as they passed on the assembled peasantry and mountaineers of the country, who returned it by strewing flowers in their path, for they rejoiced to see the forsaken monastery once more revived among them. On the head, as well as at the feet of the Superior, the fairest flowers, it was observed, were scattered, and the glowing features of many a mountain girl were bent earnestly on his person, but still more so when, ascending the pulpit, he proceeded, according to the duty of his new rank, to deliver a discourse suitable to the occasion. This was a situation for which Lucius was eminently qualified; his words had heretofore, on other themes, been listened to with admiration by assembled knights and fathers, and they might well give delight to the simple and attentive auditory before him, who thought, while they drank in every word, that their remote region had never been so honoured. It would be unjust to say that he here utterly played the part of a deceiver; the animation of his countenance and gestures, the fervour of his accents, the eloquence with which he spoke of high and glorious hopes, proved that at this moment the demon of this world entered not into his prey, that his fell delusions yielded to one bright interval of mercy. He turned towards the mountains that rose nigh, to the groves, to the silent and gazing people around, as if to divert the emotions he felt rushing to his heart. Such was the scene in his own Armenia, of his first devotion to God—in such a solitary chapel in the mountains was his profession made, when his pious parents were by his side, and they blessed him. His voice faltered, he bowed his head on the pulpit, and burst into a flood of tears. There was a long and deep pause in the assembly—and then he raised his head, and spoke again; and the strain was more soft, and mild, and resistless, for it came from the subdued heart. The service was ended, and the people went to their homes: some yet lingered around, for the old men remembered the time when the monastery was in its prosperity.

" The fathers had retired to their cells, or

rather to the refectory, where an ample repast was prepared, over which Anselm presided.

"The Superior alone remained in the chapel, the silence of which was far more welcome to his feelings than the mirth of his brethren. Leaning thoughtfully on the altar before which he had lately knelt, while the memory of his earlier life rose before him, without one bitter or corroding pang—the present scene, the chapel, the dimly burning tapers, even the sense of his new dignity, seemed to vanish from his thoughts. Yet his own figure, to a stranger's eye, as it leaned on the altar, as moveless as the faded pillars in the aisle, and clothed from head to foot in his robe of ceremony, was the most deeply impressive object there. As far as a slender and rather low form allowed of personal dignity, he possessed it; his thin piercing, yet finely chiselled features, where the soul beamed forth in the restless and expressive lip, as well as in the large and glowing eye, gave the assurance of a spirit that was sure to work its way forth into the world of able and unprincipled men, as well as the retreats of artful or contemplative monks. And he seemed to think and to feel this himself, for a smile grew slowly on his lip, as these remembrances of innocence passed before him. Yet so sweet and tranquil was the retrospect, after the fearful agitations of which he had lately been the prey, that he brooded over it like a miser, nor heeded how the moments wore away.

"The gloom of evening was now gathering around the lonely chapel, its tombs, and empty niches, and the sounds of mirth of the fathers, in the refectory, had long since died away. They were suddenly succeeded by other and nearer sounds, of a character so different and startling, that if a clap of thunder had burst over its roof, he had heard it more calmly. There is no accounting for the power the tones of the human voice sometimes exercise on our feelings—a subtle and unconscious power; another moment, and they thrilled to the heart of Lucius—they had been once indelibly written there. Clearly and awfully they seemed to pass amidst the echoes of the desolate chapel. He moved from the altar that screened him from the view of the stranger, and saw her standing at the end of the aisle, before a crucifix: a taper that burned near threw its light on her figure; a long veil, that was turned aside, fell below her waist, and gave her features fully to his view.

"He had better have beheld the demon that tempted him to crime; for as he gazed, his heart changed: at the entrance of a deep and burning love, all gentler and holier feelings grew faint; like the victim at the altar, he struggled at first against the spell that was to bind him again to selfishness, to passion, to sin!—the words of sorrow still flowed from her lips, and unutterable tenderness was in her lifted eye.

"'Oh! that that tenderness was for me,' said the unhappy man, as he gazed on her, a deep sigh followed the words: the stranger started, and turning suddenly, saw with alarm that she was not alone. Her first movement was to retire, but after regarding earnestly for a moment the Superior, she advanced slowly towards him. The presence of Audeley, with his avenging sword, had scarcely caused more disorder in his mind: he gazed in deep emotion as she drew nigh; the dim light of the tapers at the farther part of the aisle, pierced but feebly the gloom that spread around them.

"'Father,' she said, 'the retreats of religion are ever open to the pilgrim and the friendless: beneath your roof I seek an asylum; I hope you will not take it from me.'

"'Never!' he replied, earnestly." ii. 70—80.

We cannot dismiss these volumes, without noticing the poetic fervour of many passages, and the fine tinge of orientalism, which gives

at once lustre and emphasis to the language. Nor is the author limited to that poetry which confines itself within the bounds of prose; he has favoured us with many snatches of verse of no ordinary beauty. The song of the Troubadour breathes of the inspiration of the Holy Land:—

Look forth—the land is beautiful,
The rose fills Carmel's sacred air;
The cedar trees of Lebanon
Seem natural temples made for prayer,
But each rose wears a deeper dye,
Caught from the battle's crimson rain;
And every lofty cedar's bough
Is drooped above the unburied slain.
I see the lances flash below,
I see the hammer float above;
I ask, the dying and the dead,
Is this the faith of hope and love?
The willows on Moriah's side
Are heavy with the harp no more;
The sword is ploughshare of the land,
Which angel footsteps loved of yore.
In pride, in strength, the knight rides forth,
Led by vain glory's phantom dream:
He heeds not, in his onward path,
What lips may sigh, what eyes may stream.
Alas! for her whose love is given
To one, whose heart is as his sword;
Who holds the blood of life like wine,
But given to be freely poured.
Aye, let her weep, and let her pray,
See day by weary day depart:
Ah! what avail her wasted years—
Ah! what avails her breaking heart!
Now, honour to thy name, Sir Knight,—
But death ere now has struck the brave;
And is it much for life to ask,
A little rest before the grave?
A few years given to a home,
The sword hung on the wall to rest;
Alas! the phantom leads thee on—
Revenge thy hope, and blood thy guest.
There is an omen on my lute,
For sorrow hath a prophet's eye;
The gulf is now before thy feet,
The cloud is gathering on thy sky.
An evil path, an evil doom,
There lie the slaughter and the snare:
My chords sink in a funeral wail,
Woe for the future—knight, beware!

Tales of a Grandfather, being Stories taken from the History of France. 3 vols. Edinburgh, 1831. Cadell.

The title of this work should have been, "A plain Abridgment of French History, for the use of Young Persons." If the words "tale" and "story," however, are potent enough to beguile the innocents into whose way they are thrown, into perusal of the really useful and well-written little volumes, we will not quarrel with the deception. The leading events of the history of France, down to the close of the fourteenth century, are related with great fairness; and the style, familiar without meanness, and perspicuous without being too bare, is skilfully adapted to the purpose for which the book is intended.

We will not conceal, however, that if a name less great than that of our admirable novelist had been appended to the work, we should have imagined our duty to be fulfilled by a notice of its appearance, and a general sentence of approbation. Indeed, the very evenness and calm steadiness of purpose in the narrative, precluding any eminently brilliant, and therefore unsustained, display of literary art, allow no scope for striking extract, or lofty commendation. But the curiosity of our readers—and highly natural that curiosity is, in its application to the eminent and delightful writer before us—must be gratified. At present, therefore, we will give a few specimens of the work; and next week, add some free comments on the manner in which the task has been executed, and the tone and spirit of the author. The following picture is interesting: it occurs in the

description of the influence exerted by the Druids, in stirring up the oppressed Gauls to resistance against their Roman masters.

"The people, who, looking back to the days of their freedom, desired to worship as they had formerly worshipped, met by appointment in some dark recess of unfrequented woods, under the direction of the Druids, who resumed, at such secret conclaves, the power which they were no longer permitted to exercise in public. Bearing on their head the coronet of oak leaves, which they esteemed sacred—clad in white robes, as was their custom, the ancient priests then met the people in the deep forest, to adore in secrecy and silence, according to the bloody rites of their forefathers. The victim who fell under the axe of the sacrificing pontiff, or who, sometimes bound to a tree, was shot to death with arrows, was usually a criminal who had deserved death, or some individual of small account, who had been kidnapped and reserved for this inhuman purpose. At other times, it was a voluntary victim, who offered himself as an expiatory offering for the sins of the people, like the scape-goat of the Israelites. When an individual could be wrought up to such a point of insane patriotism, the Druids announced to him, as his reward, eternal happiness in the society of the Gods, to propitiate whom he consented to suffer death; and the people, if circumstances permitted, took care that he whose sacrifice was to be the price of the public prosperity, should, for some time before his death, taste of as many of the pleasures of this life as they had the means of procuring him. His death then took place by the hand of the consecrated Druids. They observed every circumstance of his mortal agony; the manner in which he fell; the course of his blood down the rugged front of the sacred stone; and from these circumstances affected to divine how far the deity was propitious to their designs. It may be well believed that, at these secret meetings, the occasional return of the Gauls to the barbarous rites of their Celtic ancestors, the bards were also called in to assist, by music and melody, the impression which was made on the assistants by the eloquence and mystic predictions of the priests. The themes naturally chosen were the ancient glory of Gaul and her inhabitants, who, having been long the terror of distant countries, were now found unable to protect their own against the Romans. The feelings of the hearers, a nation readily excited, passionately fond of fame, their prejudices easily acted upon by the gloomy fanaticism of their priests, and their quick fierce tempers, resentful of the injuries received from the Romans, became much agitated by such solemnities, and it was not to be wondered at that general schemes of revolt were laid or extended at such meetings." i. 48.

The story of the capture of Euvreux, in which Sir Walter has followed Froissart closely, is amusing. The hero is William of Granville.

"This nobleman dwelt about two leagues from that town, and often visited it. He was privately attached to Philip of Navarre, younger brother of Charles the Bad, who served with the English host, commanded by the Duke of Lancaster. But the Lord of Granville had never openly borne arms in the quarrel; no suspicion attached to him, therefore, at Euvreux, and he had the means of making a strong party among the burgesses. He came by degrees to use the open ground before the castle-gate as a place for his ordinary promenade; and as the captain sometimes went abroad for refreshment, and entered into conversation with him, they fell into a sort of familiarity.

"One day, having everything appointed to support his attempt, William of Granville began to tell an idle story to the governor concerning a pretended attack upon England by the joint





forces of the King of Denmark and the King of Ireland, who, for that purpose, had, he said, taken the sea with a numerous host. When the Frenchman demanded from whence he had this intelligence, William of Granville replied, that a knight of Flanders had sent the news to him, and with it a set of chessmen, the most beautiful he had ever seen. This excited the curiosity of the seneschal of the castle, who was a great admirer of the game of chess. William of Granville, as if to gratify his curiosity, sent for the chessmen, on condition that they should play a game together. The board and men were brought; and the seneschal was so imprudent as to admit the knight within the entrance of the fortress. He was privately armed with a shirt of mail concealed under his upper cloths, and held in his hand a small battle-axe, and thus, while apparently intent on his game, stood prepared to take advantage of such opportunity as should present itself. In the meantime, his valet warned the conspirators, burgesses of the place, to hold themselves in instant readiness. In the course of the game, William of Granville seized an opportunity to dash out the captain's brains with his battle-axe, and winding a bugle horn which he carried with him for the purpose, the burgesses ran to his assistance, and found him bestriding the body of the captain, and defending the gate, which he had occupied, against such of the garrison as hastily took the alarm. The insurgents speedily seconded him, and made themselves masters of Euvreux, which became a head quarter of the faction of the English, or Navarrois, in Normandy." iii. 106—8.

The Massacre of the Jews and Lepers.

"The Jews, who had been persecuted and banished from France by Philip the Fair, and restored by his successor, as necessary to the existence of the state, once again became the objects of popular hatred, not only on account of their religion, and because their wealth rendered them the ready objects of plunder, but also from a new accusation, which so ignorant an age alone would have listened to. A pestilential or epidemic disease was at this time scourging France, where bad living and dearth of provisions rendered such infectious disorders very fatal. To account for the present pestilence, it was said that the Jews had accepted a bribe from the Mahometan princes, and had undertaken to poison all wells, fountains, and rivers. The charge of participation in this crime was extended to a set of unfortunate wretches, who were rather the objects of disgust than of compassion. Those afflicted with the leprosy, who were obliged to live in hospitals apart from the rest of mankind, were stated to have joined with the Jews in the iniquitous project of poisoning the waters of the kingdom. It was an accusation easily understood, and greedily swallowed by the vulgar. The populace of course, being already in arms, turned them against the Jews and the lepers, considering both as a species of wretched outcasts, whose sufferings ought to interest no healthy Christian. Without any formality, or trial, or otherwise, these ignorant fanatics seized upon great numbers both of the Jews and of the lepers, and tore them to pieces, or burnt them alive without scruple.

"The Jews, though of late years they may be considered as an unwarlike people, have always been remarkable for the obstinacy of their temper, and for their opposing to popular fury a power of endurance which has often struck even their oppressors with horror. Five hundred of these men, upon the present occasion, defended a castle into which they had thrown themselves, with stones, arrows, javelins, and others missiles, till, having no other weapons left, they launched the persons of their living children from the walls on the heads of their

assailants, and finally put each other to the sword, rather than die by the hands of the multitude.

"At Vitri, also, fifty Jews distinguished themselves by a similar act of horrible despair. They chose with composure two of their number, a young woman and an old man, who received the charge to put the rest of their company to death. Those intrusted with the execution of this fearful duty, executed their instructions without dispute or resistance on the part of the sufferers. When the others were all slain, the old man next received his death at the hand of the female, and to close the tragedy, this last either fell or threw herself from the walls of the place; but having broken her thigh-bone in the fall, she was plunged by the besiegers alive into the fire which consumed the dead bodies." 250.

Satan in Search of a Wife; with the whole Progress of his Courtship and Marriage, and who danced at his Wedding. By an Eye Witness. London, Moxon.

THERE is no personage whose character has suffered so great a change within these few years as his Satanic Majesty. In our youth, he was a name of terror, to make the blood curdle with dark mysterious fears—awed held our breath, as we read of his wondrous doings; his shadowy horns goaded us with preternatural horrors; and "the gloom of earthquake and eclipse" was spread around our heart, as we beheld in fancy the wavings of his tail. But the aristocracies of earth and Erebus are in a declining state; princes and potentates are now treated as commonplace people, and the Prince of the Air must even be contented to share their fate. One by one the insignia of his power drop off: his wings are converted into epaulettes—his hoofs are encased in Hob's handsomest boots—his nether-extremities, like the faces of many worthy gentlemen, are distinguished by no particular feature; and, having abdicated his authority over the minds of men, he walks about the earth as insignificant and unnoticed as any ordinary six feet of mere flesh and blood. But let us do justice to fallen greatness. His spirit yet retained something of its original brightness when we were introduced to him lately by T. K. Hervey; and there was a spice of pleasantry when, in a more social humour, we last met at Mr. Kidd's, and he came masking upon us as the Gentleman in Black—it is ungenuous, therefore, in Mr. Montgomery, to libel him as he has done. But Mr. Montgomery's is a moral muse, and might fear that this very pleasantry and poetry would end in blinding the world to the original and inherent vice of his nature; and, we confess, that the spirit of genuine poetry in the Devil's Progress, was alarming enough to moral dulness; and when he played the Gentleman in Black, he was assuredly a very companionable fellow, whom few gentlemen, in any coloured costume, would have objected to share their claret with; and we suspect that a jury of farmers, any time towards the tithe audit, would have brought in a unanimous verdict, that he was the pleasantest gentleman in black it had been "their fortune to meet with."

But after all our desultory nonsense, we must come to this last chronicler; and, in truth, we know not well what to say of him: that he is a clever man, there can be no doubt; that he has written a clever work, is more questionable—his humour is not racy enough to satisfy us; his poetry wants wings; wit he has little—yet he is evidently a well-educated and intelligent man; and no one whose opinion is worth having, will read his *jeu d'esprit* without satisfaction. Let him then speak for himself, and our readers judge for themselves; and take what follows as a specimen:—

*The Devil was sick and queasy of late,
And his sleep and his appetite fail'd him;*

*His ears they hung down, and his tail it was clapp'd
Between his poor hoofs, like a dog that's been rapp'd;
None knew what the devil ail'd him.*

*He tumbled and toss'd on his mattress o' nights,
That was fit for a fiend's disport:
For 't was made of the finest of thistles and thorn,
Which Alecto herself had gathered in scorn
Of the best down beds that are mortal.*

*His giantly chest in earthquakes heaved,
With groanings corresponding:
And mincing and few were the words he spoke,
Whilst a sigh, like some delicate whirlwind, broke
From a heart that seem'd desponding.*

*Now the Devil an Old Wife had for his Dam,
I think none e'er was older:
Her years—old Parr's were nothing to them;
And a chicken to her was Methusalem,
You'd say, could you behold her.*

*She remember'd Chaos a little child,
Strumming upon hand organs;
At the birth of Old Night a gossip she sat,
The ancientest there, and was godmother at
The christening of the Gorgons.*

*Her bones peep'd through a rhinoceros' skin,
Like a mummy's through its cement:
But she had a mother's heart, and guess'd
What pinch'd her son; whom she thus address'd
In terms that bespoke endearment.*

*"What ails my Nicky, my darling Imp,
My Lucifer bright, my Beezle!
My Pig, my Pug—with-a-curly-tail,
You are not well. Can a mother fail
To see that which all Hell see?"*

*"O Mother dear, I am dying, I fear;
Prepare the yew, and the willow,
And the cypress black: for I get no ease
By day or by night for the cursed fleas,
That skip about my pillow."*

*"Your pillow is clean, and your pillow-beer,
For I wash'd 'em in Styx last night, son,
And your blankets both, and dried them upon
The brimstone banks of Acheron—
It is not the fleas that bite, son.*

* * * * *

*I wish my Nicky is not in love!"—
"O Mother, you have nick'd it!"—
And he turn'd his head aside with a blush—
Not red-hot pokers, or crimson plush,
Could half so deep have prick'd it.*

Then follows the Courtship, the Marriage, the Feast, and the Dance at the Wedding,—for which we refer to the little two-shilling original.

Rudiments of the primary forces of Gravity, Magnetism, and Electricity, in their agency on the Heavenly Bodies. By P. Murphy, Esq. 8vo. London, 1830. Whittaker & Co.

MAGNETISM and Electricity are equally universal in their influence on the heavenly bodies as gravitation: did not those two forces operate, the other would only keep them in a quiescent state; magnetism causes their orbicular, Electricity their rotatory movements. So says Mr. Murphy, who, in his own opinion, has been favoured with the first insight into all these mysteries—been enabled to earn for himself a name which shall descend illustrious to all future time.

This work affords strong internal evidence that its author is either a young man, or of a very peculiar mental construction, in which the faculties required to judge rightly and reason closely are not well developed, while others, rather alien to profound scientific investigation, run riot in morbid luxuriance.

To give value and general utility to scientific investigations, correct data, close reasoning, the avoiding of imaginative, fanciful flights, the use of concise, precise, and perspicuous language, are indispensable. In these respects this work falls short, and certainly, as a whole, is not of that character which might entitle it to rank as a scientific, philosophical composition. In the works of Dr. Arnott Mr. Murphy may see examples of a beautifully simple and perspicuous style, and may, by the careful examination of these or similarly-written works, be induced and enabled to avoid in future such strange coinage and combinations of words and epithets. We do not deny that we have been pleased with

some parts of the work—in defiance of its laboured, involved, and wordy phraseology. We do not deny Mr. Murphy the merit of some originality; but, believing that the far greater part of what is good in the present work may be found simply and better expressed elsewhere, we can have no pleasure in recommending it to the notice of any of our readers.

The Calcutta Magazine and Monthly Register.
Calcutta, 1830. Smith & Co.

We have received several numbers of this work, and read them with pleasure. Literature is yet young in the east, and must therefore be judged mercifully—but we not long since noticed the "Bengal Annual," a very creditable work, and here is a regular periodical issuing from the same house, and, we presume, edited by the same gentleman. The present work was commenced in January last, and, as it contains a register of Indian domestic, military and civil affairs, will no doubt be very acceptable to retired Indians in this country, as well as to those having connexions there. We think the following, by Miss Roberts, from the June number, worth extracting:—

The greenwood! the greenwood!
How pleasant it would be,
To build a little mossy hut
Beneath the forest tree;
To climb each green and grassy knoll,
To pierce each leafy haunt,
And listen with delighted ears
To every wild bird's chaunt.

The greenwood! the greenwood!
How bright the sunbeams gleam,
Chequered by many a waving bough
Upon the dancing stream;
And there the dainty haresbells grow,
There roams the fragrant bee,
And every gale that stirs the trees
Makes thrilling melody.

The greenwood! the greenwood!
How balmy is the air—
How sweet the morning breeze that fans
The roebuck in his lair!
Oh, would that these hated walls
I too might roam as free,
And tread the turf with steps as light,
And heart as full of glee!

The greenwood! the greenwood!
How bright the dew-dropshine—
How gracefully the ivy wreaths
Around the old oaks twine!
Take all the feasts and festivals
This darksome city yields—
Give me the shade of forest bowers,
The sun-light of the fields.

The Englishman's Almanack } for the year 1831.
The Tradesman's Almanack }

London: printed for the Company of Stationers.

The well known attack upon the Stationers' Company in some of the earlier numbers of this journal, when under the management of Mr. Buckingham, no doubt did good service, although the article itself might not have been written in the most candid and fair spirit. The compilers of "White's Ephemeris," in our judgment, deserved too well of the lovers of science, to be subject to so sweeping a condemnation.

Our task on the present occasion is of a more agreeable nature. Those who are acquainted with the extensive demand for these "Annuals," and who know they are to be found in the humblest cottage, where rarely any other book, except the Bible, is to be seen, must feel the importance of their containing information, useful, as well as entertaining.

The age of hieroglyphics is passing fast away, and the Company has evinced a laudable anxiety, in the present Almanacks, to satisfy the call for publications more consonant to the spirit of the times.

It will not be expected of us to do much more than call the attention of our readers to these improvements.

"The Tradesman's Almanack" contains a well-written biographical compendium of men who have risen to eminence by their own exertions, and some very sensible directions towards mitigating the evils attendant on the sedentary employment of mechanics.—The appearance of the feathered songsters is very pleasantly indicated,—a new feature in Almanacks, which we have often wondered at not finding in them.

"The Englishman's" is nearly on the same plan as its companion: it is literally crammed with information, and that of a very useful nature. The distinct manner in which they are printed, does credit to the typographical skill of Messrs. Spottiswoode and Woodfall.

Thirteenth Annual Report of the American Society for Colonizing the Free People of Colour of the United States. Washington, J. Dunn; London, Miller.

THE subject of slavery in our own colonies, occupying at the present time a great portion of public interest, we thought a slight notice of the plan followed by our American brethren, to mitigate the odious system, might not prove uninteresting.

The colony of Liberia, on the west coast of Africa, extends from Gallinas river to the territory of Kroo-Settra—a distance of about 280 miles in length along the coast, and from twenty to thirty miles inland. The country abounds in rice, oil, and cattle; at a distance of from thirty to fifty miles inland, a belt of dense and almost impassable forest occurs along the whole of this coast, which nearly prevents all intercourse between the maritime and interior tribes, and is one of the principal causes why this part of Africa is so entirely unknown to the civilized world.

The report speaks in very glowing terms of the salubrity of the climate, and the fertility of the soil.

To this spot are transported all the free people of colour, who may be desirous of returning to their father land. The memorial of the Kentucky Colonization Society states:—"It is the removal of the *free* blacks from among us that is to save us, sooner or later, from those dreadful events foreboded by Mr. Jefferson, or from the horrors of St. Domingo." It appears there are nearly half a million of this class, which the memorial styles "a mildew on our fields, a scourge to our back, and a stain upon our escutcheon."

The report does not mention the number of inhabitants in the new colony, but from various statements in it, which our limits will not suffer us to extract, it must be considerable. Applications are before the board for passage for 1000 free persons and 600 slaves; and it is said that 2000 slaves would be liberated in North Carolina, provided there were reason to expect their immediate removal. Slavery has been long a foul blot in this land of freedom, and we heartily wish the Americans success in any rational plan for removing it.

The Emperor's Rout. Illustrated by Coloured Plates. London, 1830. Tilt.

THIS little poem is written in imitation of the Butterfly's Ball, and is a very pleasant trifle. The names of the Moths—for it is the *Emperor Moth* that gives the rout—are full of fancy. We have *Pease Blossom* and *Bright Eye*, *Seraph* and *Clear Wings*; the *Emperor*, as becomes him, has his *Satellites* and *Lacqueys*, his *Ushers* and *Footmen*; *Nina* and *Mourning Widows*, *Coronets* and *Quakers*, are among the assembled; and *fo reigners*, too,

Those awkward Greek girls, *Lambda*, *Gamma*, and *Chi*.

As a specimen of the work we will give a short extract.

The day now arrived, and at nine of the night,
The glow-worm being hired the highways to light,

The guests "gan to assemble, and each was announced
By the *Herald*, who loudly their names all pronounced.
The *Ermine*, a lady of noble degree,
Introduced a long train of her large family;
Some in *Muslin*, some *Satin*, were chastely arrayed,
While the *Emerald*, the *Pearl*, and the *Mocha* dis-
played
Their jewels so costly, that poor *Burnished Brass*
Unnoticed was suffered the evanescing to pass.
From the Banks of the Niger the *Blackamoor* brought
A fat *Moor*, who presented a *Tiger* just caught.

The dancing began, and soft music was heard,
Provided, 'twas said, by the sweet *Humming Bird*.
Old Colonel *Gold Spangle*, his dancing-days past,
Volunteered with good humour the dances to cast;
To the forward Miss *Portland Captain Christian* he
brought,

Who, aided by Mars, the young lady had caught,
For moths, like their betters, as I have been told,
Are mightily taken with scarlet and gold.
The *Foresters* danced, arrayed all in green,
With the *Clear Wings*, whose beauty gave life to the
scene;

The *Mouse*, quite enamoured, entreated in vain
The hand of the lovely *Pease Blossom* to gain,
And the *Satellite*, though he till now had sat still,
Made up to the *Seraph* to dance a quadrille.
The *Quakers*, who never had been seen at a ball,
With the *Cornets* galloped around the great hall,
And the sad *Mourning Widow*, her weeds put away,
To waltz with the lustrous *Japan*, now quite gay.

The Show Folks. By P. Egan; embellished with Nine Characterist. Designs on Wood, by the late Mr. Theodore Lane; and a Biographical Sketch of the Life of Mr. Lane. London: M. Arnold.

THIS ought to be called Arnold's Annual, or the Two Shilling Annual; and if the publisher can really afford to sell so pretty a little book for two shillings, we hint to him, that he may find it advantageous to give a little more variety to the literary contents, and make it an Annual. The exterior is, indeed, plain and quaker-like; but the crimson lining and the golden-edged leaves are very rich and handsome. For Mr. Egan's poetry we cannot say much. His Biographical Sketch is interesting, and might have been more so. Lane's designs are good, and one or two of them excellent.

Billesdon Coplow. By the Rev. Robert Lowth. London: Griffiths.

The High-mettled Racer. By C. Dibdin. Illustrated by R. Cruikshank. London, Kidd.

LOWTH, the writer of the former of these works, the son of the bishop, was an amiable and talented man, and there is a pleasant memoir of him prefixed to the poem. He has hit off with considerable humour the various sportsmen present on the occasion, and the stirring interest of that great day. There is, however, much of temporary and local interest in the poem; but we have no doubt it will be welcome to our friends of the Quondom, and especially so to any who remember old Meynell, whose fame will outlive many a hunting generation.

The High-mettled Racer is better known. The wood cuts and the anecdotes of race horses, that are attached, are the novelty in this edition. The former are etched with spirit, and the latter will be entertaining to those who have not read Captain Brown's work, from which they are extracted.

The Excitement, or, a Book to induce young People to Read. Edinburgh, 1831. Waugh & Innes.

THE title-page sufficiently explains the object of the work. The editor hoped to succeed by collecting together such narratives, adventures, and brief notices of natural phenomena, as were most likely to engage the attention and awaken the interest of young people; and we think he has been successful.

"*Ermine podi.*"—This insect destroys the white-thorn hedges in the neighbourhood of London. About three years back, a dress was woven by the caterpillars for the Queen of Bavaria. A model was made of some stiff material, and the caterpillars placed on it; they covered it with their web, and thus produced a garment without a seam."

Affection's Offering; a Book for all Seasons, but especially designed as a Christmas and New Year's Gift, or Birthday Present. London, 1831. Tilt.

This is an Annual, though it hardly affects so pretending a title; and this is the third year it has blossomed, which is some proof that it has merit. There are contributions from Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Opie, Miss Strickland, and others, and it has some clever wood-cuts. One thing is peculiar: the proprietors distribute prizes for the best compositions by young people—we think the prize essays ought to be printed in the volume.

The Sacred Offering, a Poetical Annual, 1831. London, Hamilton & Co.; Liverpool, Maples.

This is a beautiful little production (of the smallest annual dimensions.) It consists almost wholly of sacred pieces, in a religious or a pathetic strain, and occasionally of an incidental or domestic interest. It is difficult to point out such portions as most forcibly appeal to poetical taste and feeling; yet we cannot refrain from directing the attention of such of our readers as may feel interested in poetry of a high and serious tone, to such productions as "The Heart-stricken," "The Autumn Dirge," "To a Friend in Absence," "Lines to a Deserted Home," while they will hardly find any in a spirit which is not calculated at once to elevate, to encourage, to soothe and refresh the religious reader's mind.

PAMPHLETEER

A Refutation of an Article in the Edinburgh Review, entitled "Sadler's Law of Population."

By M. T. Sadler, M.P. London, Murray. We do not find that Mr. Sadler has kept his word with the public, in furnishing additional proofs of the truth of his theory. He has succeeded, to be sure, in exposing the ignorance and presumption of his censor in the *Edinburgh*, on many points of the question at issue; but his leading doctrines, though they may withstand the assaults of such an antagonist, do not, in our apprehension, appear to be better supported now, than when they were first submitted to the world.

As we have never found leisure to notice Mr. Sadler's larger work, our account of the present publication must necessarily be a brief one. Mr. Sadler, we may observe, utterly denies the truth of Mr. Malthus's theory of population—denies that population has any tendency to press on the means of subsistence, and contends, on the contrary, that population outgrows and is the cause of plenty. Population, according to Mr. Sadler, is the instrument by which Providence raises every country from barbarism; while the undue increase of numbers is guarded against by a law of nature, which checks the prolificness of the race as population becomes dense. To prove this position, Mr. Sadler adduces a multitude of censuses, which would seem to give it plausibility.

It does not, however, conform to our *actual observation*, that food is more abundant than the wants of human beings require it to be; it does not conform to the most extended *experience*, that food has a *tendency*, after a certain point in the progress of cultivation, to increase so fast as consumers; it does not, moreover, conform to the dictates of reason, that Providence should be presumed perpetually to interfere to guard the imprudent, in civilized countries, against the consequences of bringing into the world beings for whom they have attempted to make no provision. Yet all these things are assumed in Mr. Sadler's theory.

Such a theory, professing, as it does, to rest upon the authority of facts and arithmetic,

should at least have the support of all the facts which are known to bear upon the subject. Yet it is not so with the principles which Mr. Sadler professes to have discovered. In point of fact, the Netherlands and Ireland furnish exceptions to Mr. Sadler's rule, that the prolificness of a people lessens as its numbers increase—while, *e converso*, all the stationary, stunted, half-savage countries in the world, in which, on Mr. Sadler's principles, the rate of increase should be unrivalled, constitute refutations equally damning of a theory which professes to rest its opposition to the analogies which reason sanctions, upon the authority exclusively of *facts*.

As it is our intention, when at leisure, to enter more fully upon this subject, in a review of Mr. Sadler's larger work, we shall quit it for the present.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

BY HENRY BRANDRETH, JUN.

For whom art thou, maiden, so anxiously watching,
With hair all dishevell'd and cheek wan and pale;
Yet buoyant thy step as the fawn's when first catching
The sound of the wild horn afar on the gale?
I'm watching for Love—here he promised to meet me,
What time the bright moon sailed her bark through the sky;
The bark and the blue starry ocean both greet
me—

Yet absent is Love, with his smile and his sigh!
But who art thou, stranger, that thus, uninvited,
His place hast usurped in his own leafy bower?
And why art thou seeking a maiden thus slighted—
Why pluck from the myrtle Love's own token-flower?

Young maids call me Friendship, when hearts are in danger,
And thus unimpeded, I stray through the grove;
For where is the maiden would banish the stranger,
Who, Friendship-to-day, may to-morrow be—
Love!

THE DUCHESS OF BERRI AND THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

SIR.—The Duchess of Berri authorizes me to contradict in the most peremptory manner, the fabricated statement in the *Literary Gazette*, respecting the sale of the Henriade, presented to the Duke of Bourdeaux, by the City of Paris. The Editor has supported the calumny, by a renewal of his assertions, and a pompous pretence to secret information. There can be no secret concerning an occurrence which never took place. The evil consequences of the fabrication have already ensued. The Parisian Journalists, misled by the unfounded statement, have accused the Duchess of venality and ingratitude to the City of Paris. I therefore, Sir, in her name, challenge and defy the editor of the *Literary Gazette* to name the person to whom the volume was ever offered. No,

Sir, no inducement could, ever persuade the Duchess to part with the volume, in her eyes inestimable. She will frequently recommend it to the perusal of her son, to animate him to imitate the illustrious example of his great progenitor, in bearing adversity

with equanimity, and enjoying triumph with moderation. She would particularly point out to the Duke of Bourdeaux, the conduct of Henry IV. after the capture of Paris, a generous oblivion of political differences.

Your humble servant,

R. H. EVANS.

No. 93, Pall Mall.

We publish the following statement at the request of the gentlemen whose signatures are attached; but before we offer a word of comment, we feel bound, in justice to Mr. Hall, to await his explanation:—

GEORGE BARRET, JOHN PYE, AND "THE AMULET."

The print published in the "Amulet for 1831," to which the names of George Barret, painter, and John Pye, engraver, are attached, was originally engraved for the "Anniversary," and 3400 impressions were printed from the plate; but, that work having been discontinued, the prints were subsequently appropriated to Sharpe's London Magazine. After having been thus printed and published, the plate was purchased by the proprietors of the "Amulet," edited by Mr. Hall; and the composition being mutilated, by cutting it down to suit the size of that Annual, it is again before the world in the character of a new and original work of art. We make this statement as an act of justice to ourselves, and to the public who may patronize the "Amulet," lest they should think that they are purchasing a new and entire work of ours, instead of a print thus disfigured; and impressions sold as proofs, although printed after 3400 had been taken from the plate in its original state.

GEORGE BARRET,
JOHN PYE.

London, 18th Dec. 1830.

LE KEEPSAKE FRANÇAIS.

We have received the following letter from M. Pichot, respecting "Le Mirror Magique," which appears in the above work, and which we noticed rather angrily, as an unacknowledged translation from a tale by Mr. Henry Neale. The explanation of M. Pichot is perfectly satisfactory, and we insert his explanation with great pleasure:—

Paris, December 16.

SIR.—I hope, from your well-known impartiality, you will be so kind as to insert in your Journal my answer to an article, of November 27, on the "Keepake Français." The prose piece with my name was taken by the editor from the *Mercure de France*, vol. xx., p. 102; though there are some material differences between the English original and the French, (which was written from memory, rather than translated,) I am sorry the editor of the "Keepake" did not take with the fragment, a note added to it in the *Mercure de France*, which named Mr. H. Neale as the original author. The fact shall be mentioned again by myself in the *Mercure*, so far as it from my thoughts to deserve the severity of your article.

I am, Sir,
Your most devoted servant, and constant reader,
A. PICHOT, D.M.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

The usual meeting took place on the 21st inst., Robert Brown, Esq., Vice President, in the chair.—A portion of Mr. Hogg's interesting paper on the Classical Plants of Sicily, was read in continuation. Mr. Charles Knight, of Pall-Mall-East, was elected a Fellow of the Society. Among other valuable works lying on the table, was Dr. Hooper's morbid structure of the human brain, with most accurate and costly illustrations, presented by the author. Capt. King and Mr. Burchell were among the members present.

LONDON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 20.—Edward Wright, M.D., President, in the chair.—A letter from a member of the Phrenological Society of Manchester, was read, which gave rise to a lengthened and interesting discussion on the organ of Weight, tending to confirm the views entertained by Mr. Simpson of Edinburgh, on the functions of that portion

of the brain. A table of measurements taken of the heads of two individuals, at various periods of their lives, showing the increase and decrease in the size, was also read.

Charles Belmer, Esq. was admitted an ordinary member of the Society.

WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 18.—Dr. Granville in the chair.—Dr. Hood read a paper on the pathology of Dropsy. It gave rise to a very learned debate between Doctors Barry, Sigmund, Copland, Messrs. Burnett, North, and other members. The doctrines of the French and other continental pathologists were ably canvassed—the opinions and works of Blackall, Ayre, and other English writers, freely quoted. The discussion was purely theoretical, and, consequently, not interesting to the general reader. The author of the paper was highly complimented for the talent, erudition, and industry, evinced in his dissertation. The society adjourned to Saturday the 8th of January, when Mr. Evans will read a paper on Monomania.

MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.
TUESDAY, Medico-Chirurgical Society.... Nine, P.M.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

THE address of the students to the Lord Chancellor, was presented on Wednesday morning at Lincoln's Inn. His Lordship received the deputation very affably, and shook hands with all.

A course of Lectures on Medical Jurisprudence, will commence after the recess. The medical part by Dr. Thomson, and the legal portion by Professor Amos. The introductory lecture will be delivered on Friday the 7th of January, at 3 o'clock.

LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF QUEBEC.

THIS society was founded in January 1824, by General the Earl of Dalhousie, during his government of the Canadas. Whether it proceeded from the want of attention, or the untoward commercial atmosphere of the Canadian capital, we cannot say; but certain it is, that the seeds of this society have been as slow in taking root, as the society was late in its formation. It was not until lately that the first volume of its Transactions made its appearance. The work commences with an inaugural Address and Essay on the early civil and ecclesiastical juridical History of France, by the Hon. J. Sewell, Chief Justice of Lower Canada. It contains, in addition to some interesting papers on the geology of the country, by Captain Bayfield, R.N. and Captain Bonnycastle, R.E., the account of an Expedition to explore a part of the Saguenay Country, which is becoming more important every day, from the quantity of excellent land it contains, and where unknown and extensive tracts await the researches of the scientific traveller.

Lectures on Elementary Chemistry, on the Botanical Productions of the country, and on Galvanism, accompanied by experiments, have been lately delivered, which have contributed in no small degree to create a zest for learning among our Canadian colonists. One of the principal designs lately contemplated by the society, and already partly commenced, is that of obtaining meteorological observations at various places throughout Upper and Lower Canada. By a corresponding attention to this subject, in various parts of the United States, a chain of these points of observation will be established from New Orleans in the South, up the valley of the Mississippi, and down that of the St. Lawrence to the sea, in the north; from which it is expected some interesting data will

be furnished relative to the Canadian climate. The influence of the warm air from the gulf of Mexico, and the cold winds from the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland, will then be traced; and the effects of the extensive forests on the climate, compared with those of parts which are under cultivation.

These are ample proofs of the utility of this society; and however imperfect it may yet be from a present want of members, and the frequent absence of those already belonging to it, it cannot fail to be ultimately beneficial to the country where it is established, and advantageous to science in general.

We see with much pleasure, that Mr. Webster is about to deliver a course of lectures on Geology, adapted to a juvenile auditory, at the Royal Institution, to commence on the 28th of this month.

Mr. Waghorn has returned from India. This enterprising officer has ascertained that the route by Trieste, Alexandria, and the Red Sea, to Bombay, is, with certain precautions, perfectly practicable, and that the navigation of the Red Sea presents no danger or difficulty. He comes back now to England fortified by the highest recommendations, in which is included that of the Governor-General, in order to carry into effect his original plans for expediting the communication with India.—*Times.*

FINE ARTS

PANORAMA OF QUEBEC.

We have somewhat reversed the custom of the times of old, for, instead of going to see celebrated cities, they most politely come and visit us. Had Mahomet lived in the nineteenth century, he might have saved his prophet-dignity—the mountains would have come at his bidding. Modern luxury, taste, art, or speculation, or a mixture of all these, have made far-off scenes familiar to us. The east and the west, the old and the new worlds, have been made to surrender their choicest and richest places to our inspection. Thus have we, panoramically, (if we may coin a word,) seen Calcutta, the city of palaces—Venice, the ocean's diadem—Amsterdam, the capital of canals and canal-diggers—Paris, the metropolis of elegance—Genoa, the proud—Sydney, the haven for the travelling gentry in the Paul Clifford line—Edinburgh, the “Modern Athens;” and thus also are we enabled to behold Quebec, so justly dear to Englishmen from the gallantry of Wolfe, at its memorable siege, when he added one more to the list of heroes who have died with the glad sound “Victory,” giving the last excitement to the death-struck heart. These pictured half-realities are delightful to the large class of stay-at-home travellers; and those who have travelled rejoice to recall the features of the places which their “pilgrim steps” have traversed.

In this view of Quebec, taken from the highest part of the heights of Abraham, we have a view of the Upper Town—the fortifications—the surrounding country—the churches and convents, with their spires gleaming in the clear sky—the rapid sweep of the St. Lawrence, on whose breast ride the barges of many nations—the Isle of Orleans, dividing the river into its two mighty channels—the snow-white falls of Montmorency, ice-glittering, in the distance—the blue mountains rearing their summits, like columns, to high heaven—the champaign, at once rich in its cultivation and beautiful in its wildness—the thinly-scattered villages in the fore and back ground: these are all bodied forth, and form a beautiful and novel sight.

The perspective is, in this instance, well preserved; the scene gradually fades into indistinct-

ness. The few figures are not on the gigantic scale we complained of, when noticing the view of Amsterdam. There is rather a lack of trees, the furniture of these pieces; but the depths and distances are given faithfully, and are in excellent keeping.

On the whole, the view is delightful. Nature—the high mountains, the mighty rivers, the verdant country—is not here overwhelmed and eclipsed by huge masses of brick and mortar. Quebec is semi-rural. Green fields are as picturesques as grey ruins; and the lovers of Nature, as well as the amateurs in Art, will rejoice in the *resemblance* of our Canadian capital.

Rural Amusements. Engraved by J. Bromley, after Sir Thomas Lawrence. Colnaghi & Co. This splendid engraving will be published early in the new year. It is a companion print to “Master Lambton,” and every way worthy of that high honour. There are, perhaps, some trifling critical objections to the original painting; but it would be great injustice to Mr. Bromley if we did not speak in the highest commendation of the engraving. When the print is published, we shall return to the subject—but, delighted as we have been with a sight of one of the splendid proofs, we could not defer announcing it as forthcoming.

Rat Hunters. David Wilkie, R.A.; James Mitchell, Moon & Co.

WHO that has visited Somerset House, and looked into the Council Room, but has as quickly had his eyes fixed upon this small, but admirable specimen of the artist's pencil? It is the presentation picture of the artist to the Royal Academy, upon having the diploma of Royal Academician conferred upon him. There is but little subject in it;—but how admirably is that little given!—how full of eagerness for the sport, are both boys and dogs!

Mr. Mitchell, in the engraving, sustains his well-earned reputation. We have faults to find, but they are outnumbered by merits; and we cordially give him the tribute of approbation which is justly due to him.

Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin, at the Battle of Ascalon. A. Cooper, R.A.; W. Giller, Moon & Co.

THOUGH the days of chivalry be passed, whose ears tingle not at the sounds of Acre and of Ascalon?—who feels not a pride that Richard of the lion heart was lord of merry England, and the most valorous of the lords who fought in the un-Holy Wars? What Scott, in the “Talisman,” has done by words, is here almost as ably presented by the pencil of the artist. We live in the deadly scene; and our heart beats within us as we view the conflicting strife between the Paynims and the warriors of the Cross. The two principal figures in the composition are King Richard and Saladin. On either side are numerous Crusaders and Turks, engaged with equal fury. The artist has given a truth and action to his picture, which brings forcibly to our view the heroic bearing of these doughy champions;—indeed, we have seen nothing from Mr. Cooper's pencil which has pleased us more; but, in giving him his due, let us not forget the engraver, Mr. Giller, who has performed his part well: there is a clearness and a brilliancy in the effect, which is extremely pleasing. We hear he is a young man: from this specimen of his talent we have good hopes of him.

Great Britain illustrated: from drawings by W. Westall, R.A.; with descriptions by T. Moule, London, C. Tilt.

CONSIDERING the very trifling price of this work, it does credit to the artists engaged in

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it, as well as to the publisher, for the spirit with which he has enabled those whose means to indulge in such luxuries are limited, to possess a series of landscape illustrations, (120 we believe,) at a price not exceeding 3d. each. It would be idle to make particular mention of the plates which have most pleased us in this volume, but we can assure our readers, that we have often had under our review many engravings of higher pretensions, which have not surpassed some of them. Although we are inclined to think that the publisher would have improved the work by employing different artists, yet we acknowledge, that few would have executed so many equally well as W. Westall: he has, to be sure, worked up two or three old acquaintances, but that was perhaps allowable; and we happen to know that he took several journeys expressly to collect subjects for this work. Those who, like ourselves, receive pleasure from these engravings, will not, perhaps, think much of a walk to Fleet Street, and the publisher will have great pleasure in showing the original drawings, which we contemplated lately, with a sigh that our account with the Bank of England would not justify us in bringing them away.

We hear, that the delay in the appearance of the second volume of Moore's Life of Lord Byron arises from the care required in printing the portrait. It is a very highly finished engraving, and the slow process of copper-plate printing does not admit of more than fifty impressions a day being struck off.

The Princess Victoria is taking lessons in drawing from Richard Westall, R.A. Her Royal Highness' talent in this art is spoken of as very extraordinary, and, we believe, in this instance, they are not mere words of flattery.

Mr. Stanfield has agreed with Mr. Charles Heath for the publication of Views in the Tyrol and Venice, from the sketches made during his recent visit to those countries. Our holiday friends will not be sorry to hear, that the managers of Drury Lane have prevailed upon him to lend the aid of his great talents in the scenery for the forthcoming pantomime.

B. B. Cabbell, Esq. and —— Parratt, Esq. were elected Members of the Artists' Conversation at the annual meeting on Saturday.

MUSIC

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Principles of Singing. By W. Ford. Cocks & Co. A very concise, clever, and cheap little treatise, containing, in several closely-written pages, a condensation of excellent information. The following brief address is explanatory of the author's views, which he afterwards develops in a very clear manner:—

"In the following pages, it has been the aim of the writer to communicate the principles of the Italian school of singing in a brief and concentrated form. All matter considered irrelevant has been rejected; while the rules and examples given are sufficiently copious to be of practical utility. In collecting the materials, none but works of the highest authority in the art of singing have been consulted. The elementary information relating to clefs, notes, bars, &c. has been omitted, to afford space for what more immediately refers to singing. Ample tables of these things will be found in every instruction book, instrumental or vocal."

Progressive Exercises for the Voice, from the easiest Lessons of Solfeggio, to the most difficult Passages of Modern Music; with illustrative Examples from the Works of Purcell, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and other Eminent Composers. By David Everard Ford, author of "Rudiments of Music," &c. Westley & Davis.

By a very singular coincidence, we have taken up to notice, and have placed in juxtaposition, two works upon a similar subject, written by authors of nearly the same name, in books of the same size,

price, and appearance, and both containing excellent information, although in very different styles. The two together would yield a fund of information.

And is my Mem'ry still so dear : a Ballad ; written and composed expressly for Miss Cawse ; the Poetry by C. H. H. ; the Music by T. H. Severn. Farn.

A parody, it should seem, to "Oh no, we never mention her," quite in the same simple, graceful, and familiar style; ingeniously harmonized, and carefully brought out. A chord in the 12th stave on page 3 (intended for an extreme sharp 6th,) has D sharp written in accompaniment to A flat, C natural, and F sharp, and presents quite a new combination—we recommend this D sharp to be altered to E flat.

My loved Home, and This rose I pluck'd at morn : the two favourite Ballads sung by Miss Taylor in the musical play of the "Carnival at Naples," performing at Covent Garden Theatre; composed and published by John Barnett.

THESE ballads are published separately, although, for brevity, we notice them in one article. The first is a very pleasing aeffetuoso, and the other a short scrap (of only one stanza)—both in the key of E flat; and both will be very acceptable to vocalists of moderate compass of voice, as the keynote in the fourth space is the highest in either of the airs. This, we presume, is a peculiar recommendation to teachers of singing, who experience considerable difficulty in procuring new and fashionable ballads within a very limited extent of notes.

The Orphan Minstrel Boy : written by Francis Wyman, Jun.; dedicated to Master Phillips, for whom it was expressly composed, by T. H. Severn.

A mournful and characteristic effusion, exhibiting occasionally some ingenuity in the modulations, at the same time that the transitions through a great variety of major and minor keys, are rather too sudden and unprepared. In the first bar, on page 2, the vocal part and bass ascend at the same time from the note A to C sharp—a fault which, we presume, has been overlooked by the composer, who seems to be a well-informed and careful musician.

No. 6. of Twelve Italian Fantasias Concertante, for the Flute and Pianoforte : composed by Raphael Dressler. Cocks & Co.

We have experienced considerable satisfaction in noticing the previous five numbers of this excellent work, at various periods, in the *Athenæum*, and this sixth number is quite as acceptable as its predecessors. It is formed out of the two beautiful pieces in Rossini's *Mosè in Egitto*—viz. "Tutto mi ride intorno" and "Fiera Guera mi sento," and is dedicated to G. W. K. Potter, Esq. It presents a showy, interesting, and classical duet, for the two instruments.

Ninety-four Preludes for the Flute, in all the Keys, Major and Minor : composed by W. Gabrielsky-Card.

A brilliant collection of showy and ingenious passages, comprising much variety, and, we imagine, excellent practice for the amateur.

THEATRICALS

DRURY-LANE.

Yesterday week a new Interlude was presented at this house, entitled "A King's Fireside." The bills call it "An Anecdote"—what next? The author seems to think that there is more in a name than Juliet did. If his opinion should spread, we shall soon be inundated with pieces in one act, under various quaint denominations, by way of apologies or explanations for their not being in more. We shall have (mercy on us!) to give accounts of "A Whim" at one house, "An Oddity" at another, "A Quip" at a third, "A Quiddity" at a fourth, "A Reminiscence" at a fifth, "A Remark" at a sixth, "A Memorandum" at a seventh, and "An Item" at an

eighth—but to return. This "anecdote" was understood, before it came out, to be Mr. Morton's, and we believe it to be his now—at any rate, he has fathered the child. There are so many pleasing remembrances connected with this gentleman's name as an author, that any production of his is entitled to respect and attention on that ground alone; but if the attention thus given be not fairly rewarded, the "name of" Morton is not sufficient of itself to "honour the corruption," and chastisement can't "therefore hide his head." It would be equally unreasonable to expect us to approve of the licenser's present twaddle, because we have formerly been amused by "My Night-gown and Slippers," and "John Bull." The piece is founded on the incidents of an hour's mock sovereignty which *Henri Quatre* confers on the *Dauphin* because he draws "King" in a family Twelfth Night party. The power thus delegated in joke is converted to a purpose of serious use, by being made instrumental to the discovery of one of the unsuccessful plots for *Henri's* assassination; and while the *Dauphin* is absent on this business, the King amuses himself with further games of romps with his two younger children. The *hit* was evidently intended to be made by a stage representation of the situation in which *Henri* is reported to have been surprised by a foreign ambassador, to wit—crawling about with one of his children riding a cock-horse upon his back. This failed of operating to the extent expected; and the consequence was, that the spirit of the piece, which had been well sustained in the earlier parts by the excellent acting of the children, went down with Mr. Farren, but did not rise again when he did. This we were not astonished at: the incident itself is too completely childish to be fitted for dramatic representation, and the spectacle of bringing a king on his knees, has no longer novelty to recommend it. The wild young *Dauphin* was very tame in Mrs. Waylett's hands; she ought to have played the peasant girl, and then she could have sung a song when called upon, which Miss Mordaunt could not. Mr. Farren looked and dressed *Henri* admirably,—but there ended the resemblance. He can do nothing, at least, he does nothing otherwise than cleverly; but, owing principally to physical causes, he gave us no idea of him of "le triple talent." He looked but little like a drinker, still less like a fighter, and last, even least, like "un vert galant." It is easier to tell an anecdote than to make one tell. The author has pushed this on to the stage upon all fours, and, being there, it may crawl on a little, but it cannot run.

PLAY-BILL PUFFING, COMMONLY CALLED UNDERLINING.

This system, one altogether of modern growth, has of late been carried to so ridiculous an extent by the managers of the two great houses, that it is really time some notice should be taken of it. We say this with less hesitation, because we are convinced that it is productive of anything rather than the supposed advantage to those who practise it. We have the best feelings towards both houses—and so, we trust, have the great majority of our critical brethren. We never sit down to report the first appearance of a new performer, or the first representation of a new piece, without an anxious wish and an honest intention, to accord, to the full, as much praise as truth and justice will permit us; but there is something extremely discouraging in finding ourselves invariably outstripped by these official bulletins. *Cui bono?* Few people are so silly as not to know that there can be but little reliance on the truth of statements made by parties directly interested. The majority of the public have therefore little, if any, faith in them, and they never will have, unless they see, what they never will see—to wit, a few

announcements in the bills to some such effect as the following:

"The new piece produced yesterday evening having excited very few shouts of laughter, and scarcely any bursts of applause, will most probably soon be laid aside."

"Miss Bawls, who made her *début* on Tuesday, in the part of *Mrs. Haller*, having completely failed, will, on Monday next, have the honour of appearing in *Lady Macbeth*, and on Wednesday and Friday in *Volumnia*."

"The comedy of —— having, on its revival, been played to empty benches, is replaced on the shelf."

If, then, they are well known as being not to be depended upon for truth, it is clear that they can do no good. The question next arises—do they do harm? we say Yes, and will proceed to show how. When a new piece, or new performer, has succeeded moderately, those who have been present, and afterwards see the usual exaggeration in the following day's bill, ("unbounded," "incessant," "reiterated," "unanimous," and all the changes rung by the managers upon peals which have never been wrung from the audience) first laugh at the "lie of the day," and next withdraw all confidence for the future. While others, not present on the first occasion, are deterred from attending on subsequent ones, because their curiosity, over-excited by the play-bill puff, is over-depressed by the comparative tameness which truth forces into the newspaper reports—and this, when, had they seen *only* the newspapers, the accounts therein contained would perhaps have been quite sufficient to have induced them to go. It is seldom now, that a play-bill is put forth from either house with less than four to seven of these inflated announcements. They would be tiresome to read, and too much to remember if they were true, but their proverbial untruth renders them positively disgusting. If one can lay aside this feeling for a short time—it is not unamusing to look at the principle of their concoction. Well knowing that they are scarcely ever written with any regard to truth, one is apt to wonder what their manufacturers take for a guide. We should say, that at Covent Garden they take the Drury Lane bills, and *vice versa*. An audience "crowded and fashionable" at one house, is in danger of becoming "suffocating" at the other. "Intense interest," and "breathless attention," at Drury Lane, are relieved by "shouts of laughter," and put an end to by "bursts of rapturous applause" at Covent Garden—and so on. All this quackery is really "a sorry sight." It is a race in which both parties will ultimately find themselves behind, and we therefore strongly recommend the leading members of both houses to withdraw their bills, and amend them by striking out these obnoxious puffing clauses.

A strong case of absurdity presents itself to us as we look at the bills which lie before us. On Friday, Dec. 3, the Drury Lane bills contained an announcement for the following Wednesday, of the "Earl of Glengall's comedy of *The Follies of Fashion*;" this was repeated in its regular place for two days; on the third it was postponed until the Friday, in consequence of Mr. Wallack's illness; other postponements afterwards became necessary; and whereas one place in the bill had been sufficient when it was going to be acted, two became necessary when it was *not*. We cannot pursue this subject through all its silly changes, but the result was, that we had seventeen full length Earls of Glengall, and one Lord Ditto, in the bills, before his "*Follies*" came; and after all this, when the eventful night arrived, there were scarcely more commoners in the house than there had been peers in the bill. We ought, in fairness, to except from this general censure all information of real utility, and we therefore return our best

thanks to the Drury Lane managers, for the regularity with which they have told us that the "Overtures" would be played "by the band." This we never could have guessed.

OCTOGENARIAN REMINISCENCES.

FOOTE was so entertaining a companion, that his society was eagerly sought by persons of all ranks. The members of the club at Brookes's, anxious to have an opportunity of enjoying that wit and humour, which never failed him at a convivial meeting, sent him a polite invitation to dine with them, which he accepted. He arrived some time before dinner, and was walking up and down the room, conversing with a gentleman whom he knew, when a member of the club, who had followed them about in hopes of finding some excuse to join in the conversation, suddenly interrupted them, by calling out "Mr. Foote, Mr. Foote—I beg your pardon, but—your handkerchief is hanging out of your pocket—I fear you may lose it."—"Sir," said Foote, "I am infinitely obliged to you; the fact is, Sir, I am quite a stranger here—and I make no doubt that you know the company much better than I do."

Rich was sole proprietor and manager of Covent Garden Theatre for many years, in the reign of George the Second. He was incessantly annoyed, of course, with applications from would-be actors and actresses, of whose capabilities for the stage (as usual) no doubt was entertained—by themselves and friends.

Among the rest, there was an unpromising, but persevering lady, who at length worried him into a consent that she should make a trial. She made it—and failed. Her own opinion of herself, however, remained unshaken, and she attended regularly every night at the theatre, expecting to learn when her second appearance was fixed for; but days and weeks passed without her being gratified. At length, her patience being exhausted, she flounced into the green-room one night, and, addressing herself in no very gentle tone to the manager, who was standing with his back to the fire and talking to some one else, she said, "Pray Mr. Rich, when do you intend I should play again?" Rich turned his head towards her, drawled out "Ma'am," and resumed his conversation. "I say, Sir," rejoined the enraged actress, "when do you intend that I shall play again? I insist on an answer." Rich paused—looked her full in the face, took a large pinch of snuff—and said, gravely, "When the audience have forgotten you, Ma'am."

MISCELLANEA

London University School.—We are happy to find, that this school is rapidly advancing in public favour—the number of scholars is very considerable; and a great accession is promised after the recess.

Sydney, New South Wales.—A College is about to be established there, in which Greek, Latin, and all the other branches of a liberal education are to be taught, at the charge of five pounds per annum.

By a decree of the Minister of the Interior, the different occupations of the day, in all the public institutions for education in France, are to be regulated by the beat of drum; and all pupils of the age of 15, are to be instructed in military exercises, every Thursday, in the interval allowed for recreation.

A subscription is opened in Paris, for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of Benjamin Constant.

"*The Mémoires de M. de Maubrieu*," the publication of which were prohibited under the late government in France, are about to appear.

A new translation of "*Paradise Lost*," by M. Eugène Aroux, has just been published in Paris.

Kamschatka Hospitality.—When the Kamschatdale is in a peculiarly hospitable humour, or is anxious to conciliate a fellow-countryman, whose hostility he dreads, he heats his subterraneous dwelling until the temperature becomes almost past endurance: then, undressing both his guest and himself, he sets a profuse supply of food before him, and, during the repast, takes special care that the heat be not wise slackened. Succumbing under the double assault of roasting and gourmandizing, the visitor at length avows that nature can no longer withstand either the one assailant or the other; "mine host" is admitted to have done all that the most punctilious civility can exact; and he then proceeds to levy a contribution on his honoured guest in retaliation of the hospitable greeting which he has enjoyed.—*Kotzebue's Last Voyage*.

Execution of a Hog.—"*Don Martenius, in his Voyage Littéraire*," gives a sentence passed on the 16th of May 1499, within the Abbey of Beaupré, in the diocese of Beauvais, by which a bull was condemned to be suspended at the gibbet, for having, "by fury, being in the fields, slain and put to death a young girl of the age of fourteen to fifteen years." In the archives of the ancient chambers of accounts for Flanders, I have seen an original document of the like description; it is a record, dated the 22nd of September 1486, and certifying that, on the 10th of the preceding June, the under-bailiff of Bailleul had ordered a hog, which had "murdered and devoured a child," to be executed by the hands of the common executioner of Ypres. After execution was done upon the "murderous animal," he was exposed in the same manner as the bodies of criminals."

R.

Athenæum Advertisement. NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

LITERATURE.

Forthcoming.—*The Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*, by Thomas Moore, Esq., with portrait. An Analysis of Archbishop Secker's Lectures on the Church Catechism, by the Rev. Richard Lee, B.A. Professor Millington's Epitome of the Elementary Principles of Mechanical Philosophy.

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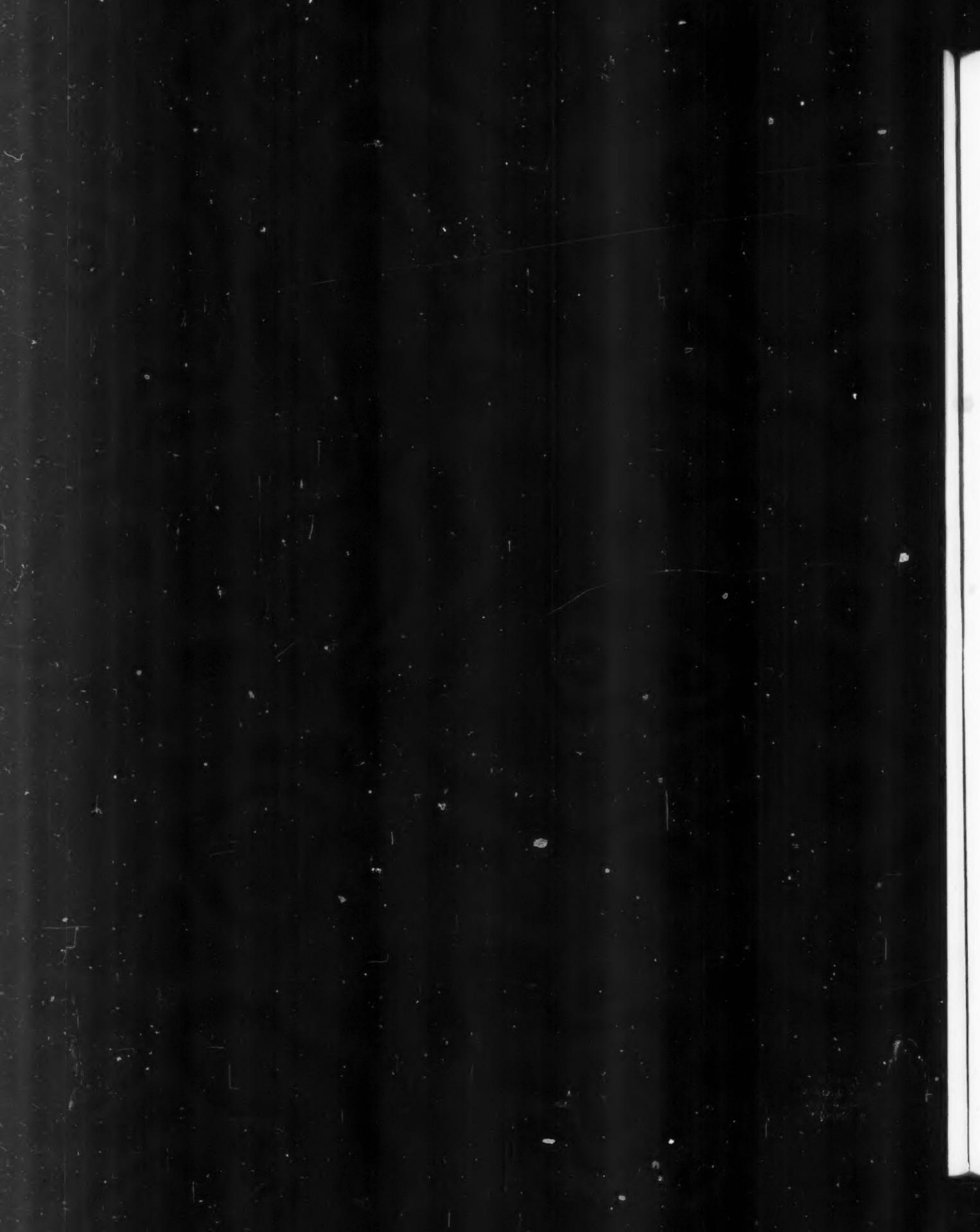
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TO CORRESPONDENTS

We have been favoured with early copies of Major Hays' *Letters from the Peninsula*, 18mo.—*An Only Son*—and other works, and regret that we must defer the notice of them. Several others, and some actually in type, are unavoidably postponed: we feel assured that even the writers themselves will agree with us, that the *Life of Byron* was of paramount importance.

D. J. N. Our friend's hints are valued; he brushes up our memory upon occasion. We cannot answer the last question in his letter.

H. P. shall hear from us.

J. M. R. We should be glad to address a line privately to him; or, if he should prefer it, a letter shall be left with our publisher.

F.C.S. We have not had time to look over the papers. The Title-page and Index with the next number printed separately.

Errata.—In the article on Poland, last week, col. 1, line 3, for "Wilkiend" read *Witkiend*; col. 3, line 3, for "alternately" read *ultimately*; and the first line of verse should have been—

Oh bloodiest picture in the book of time!

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